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The Literary Week.

IN the early part of next year a volume of philosophical essays by Oxford men, edited by Mr. Henry Sturt, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Among the contributors are Drs. Stout, Rashdall, and Bussell, and Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, all well-known names among the younger generation of English thinkers. The object of the volume is to prove how idealism may be combined with a fuller recognition of personal experience than is accorded by those who are just now the most prominent representatives of Oxford philosophy.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP has written for the *Pall Mall Magazine* an article dealing with "the close relationship that has existed so long between Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton." It will be called "A Literary Friendship."

A BOOK to buy is the latest addition to the Eversley Series—the *Lectures and Essays* (two volumes) by the late Prof. W. K. Clifford, edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen and Sir Frederick Pollock. The introduction, written in 1879, is a model of sympathetic biography.

WE cannot help being struck by the King's versatility. He has just accepted a copy of the first volume in "The Cloister Library"—a new edition of Sir Arthur Helps's *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd*.

IN connection with the article on the late Miss Kate Greenaway which we print on another page, it may be interesting to quote Mr. Dobson's lines on this charming artist, written some years ago, under the title "Household Art":

"Mine be a cot," for the hours of play,
Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway;
Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
And do nought in the world (but work) by halves,
From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
To watching the cat in the apple tree.

O Art of the Household? Men may prate
Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,
They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
To the *au delà* and the dim remote,
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
'Tis the Art at the door that will please the best;
To the end of Time 'twill be still the same,
For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

THE Girls' Realm has established an exchange page, in which its young readers may advertise articles of which they wish to dispose and state what they would like in return. We notice in the current number a very human

appeal by a reader at Bournemouth, who "wishes to exchange *Gill's School Geography*, nearly new, for any one of Guy Boothby's books, except *The Red Rat's Daughter*, or any other nice book she has not read." There is something almost pathetic about that "nearly new" and "any other nice book."

MAX ADELER has been silent for a long time. During his silence the "new humour" flowered, faded, and died. But many have remained faithful to him. "Parts of *Elbow Room* are about as funny as things can be," an admirer remarked the other day. Nobody knew why Max Adler had ceased to write amusing books, and the curious who referred to *Who's Who* had to be content with the information that he was living at Walnut-street, Philadelphia, and editing the *Textile Record*. The explanation is that, like all true humorists, Max Adler is at heart a serious person. His editorship of the *Textile Record* is big with meaning. But let the author of *Elbow Room* speak for himself. A new book from his pen has just appeared—a humorous book, called *Captain Bluit*, with a preface from which we extract the following:

More than a quarter of a century ago, the writer of this tale produced three or four books containing material designed to supply amusement. Concluding them that enlargement of the world's stock of foolishness was not one of the needs of the race, nor likely to confer dignity upon him who engaged in it, he turned his attention to serious matters, and endeavoured to persuade himself and his fellow-men that political economics, among secular things, embodies highest wisdom, and may bring honour to him who can deal with it successfully.

Experience and observation now incline the author to believe that very much of the material commonly received as economic wisdom, and put into practice in public affairs, is closely related to foolishness; while not a little of that which is looked upon as foolishness has indeed some claim to be regarded as wisdom.

He has had, therefore, an impulse to resume the work of producing literature for entertainment, in the belief that the race may find larger advantage by reading avowed fiction in which, as in real life, fun is mingled with seriousness, than by accepting, at its surface value, falsehood pretending to be fact and nonsense masquerading as philosophy.

THE late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse often amused himself by writing nonsense rhymes on the "Lear" pattern. A collection of these was made only a few weeks before his death, and will be issued immediately, with illustrations by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. It will be published by Mr. Brimley Johnson, who will also publish Mr. Monkhouse's final volume of serious poetry. Mr. Austin Dobson has written a "prefatory note."

In Memory of W. V.—"a brief memorial of Winifred's little life, completing the book which has made her the child of so many households besides our own"—has been written by Mr. William Canton.

READERS of French standard fiction are in luck, for two such series as Mr. Heinemann's twelve French romances and Mr. Grant Richards's French novels of the nineteenth century provide a veritable library. The novels in Mr. Richards's series are to have introductions by Mr. Arthur Symons, and the first of them, *Salammbô*, is before us. The yellow paper cover of French novels is reflected in the yellow buckram covers of this series. After pointing out that in *Madame Bovary* Flaubert reconstructed the modern novel, Mr. Symons says :

In writing *Salammbô* Flaubert set himself to renew the historical novel, as he had renewed the novel of manners. He would have admitted, doubtless, that perfect success in the historical novel is impossible, by the nature of the case. We are at best only half conscious of the reality of the things about us, only able to translate them approximately into any form of art. How much is left over, in the closest transcription of a mere line of houses in a street, of a passing steamer, of one's next-door neighbour, of the point of view of a foreigner looking along Piccadilly, of one's own state of mind, moment by moment, as one walks from Oxford-circus to the Marble Arch? Think, then, of the attempt to reconstruct no matter what period of the past, to distinguish the difference in the aspect of a world perhaps bossed with castles and ridged with ramparts, to two individualities encased within chain-armour! Flaubert chose his antiquity wisely: a period of which we know too little to confuse us, a city of which no stone is left on another, the minds of Barbarians who have left us no psychological documents.

On Flaubert's wonderful sense of vision, Mr. Symons says :

Salammbô is written with the severity of history, but Flaubert notes every detail visually, as a painter notes the details of natural things. A slave is being flogged under a tree: Flaubert notes the movement of the thong as it flies, and tells us: "The thongs, as they whistled through the air, sent the bark of the plane trees flying." Before the battle of the Macar, the Barbarians are awaiting the approach of the Carthaginian army. First, "the Barbarians were surprised to see the ground undulate in the distance." Clouds of dust rise and whirl over the desert, through which are seen glimpses of horns, and, as it seems, wings. Are they bulls or birds, or a mirage of the desert? The Barbarians watch intently. "At last they made out several transverse bars, bristling with uniform points. The bars became denser, larger; dark mounds swayed from side to side; suddenly square bushes came into view; they were elephants and lances. A single shout, 'The Carthaginians! arose.' Observe how all that is seen, as if the eyes, unaided by the intelligence, had found out everything for themselves, taking in one indication after another, instinctively. Flaubert puts himself in the place of his characters, not so much to think for them as to see for them.

THERE will be a welcome for the late Mr. Grant Allen's posthumous book, *County and Town in England, together with Annals of Churnside*. The book is described by Mr. Frederick York Powell, who writes the introduction, as a guide to local English history, a kind of book which in a special degree lay within Grant Allen's powers. What those powers were most of us know, but Mr. Powell's re-enumeration of them is not the less interesting. The book is not as complete as Mr. Allen would have made it had he lived, but as it is a great many counties and towns fall under his view. Mr. Powell says :

He would not write of a place without having seen it, sharing in this the practice of Freeman, who once told me he had never written in detail of a place he had not seen save Arques, where, as he said, he accordingly made mistakes that five minutes' eyesight would have saved him from. But the places Allen had seen were so varied, were, in fact, such "typical developments," that it will be an easy task for those with the requisite local knowledge and trained enthusiasm to carry out his work on its present scale to the few remaining counties and the rest of the big and famous towns of England.

PEACOCK told Shelley that poetry was only inverted sense. When Newton was asked for a definition he repeated Barrow's remark that poetry was a kind of ingenious nonsense. Attacks like these, says Prof. Francis B. Gummere, of Haverford College, in *The Beginnings of Poetry*, just issued by the Macmillan Co., "are as old as poetry itself, which, 'like the Service, sir,' has been going to the dogs time out of mind, and very early formed the habit of looking back to better days." Such an inquiry, though not that of a pioneer, is sure to be interesting. To be sure, a chapter heading like "The Differencing Elements of Communal Poetry" is a little forbidding, but American professors will dare anything. Dipping casually into the professor's voluminous pages, our eye alights on an unexpected juxtaposition of authors. Here it is :

With Christianity emphasising the value of a single soul, with the emancipation of the individual from State, guild, Church, and with the secularisation of letters and art, this habit of referring wide issues of life to the narrow fortunes of an individual made itself master of poetry. The emotion of a clan yielded to the emotion of a single soul. A progress of this sort is seen in "Sir Patrick Spens," "Macbeth," and Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach." Chronology in its higher form makes the ballad a mediæval and communal affair, the play a thing of art. Each deals with a Scot as centre of tragedy. In the ballad not a syllable diverts one from a group made up of the sailor, his comrades, and their kin. The men put to sea and are drowned; the ladies who will sit vainly waiting, the wives who will stand "lang, lang, wi' their gold kaims in their hair," give one in belated, unconscious, and imperfect form a survival of the old clan sorrow, a coronach in gloss. The men are dead, the women wail, and that is all. But Macbeth, as the crisis draws near, bewails along with his own case the general lot of man; "der Menschheit ganzer Jammer fass't ihn an." Finally, in "Dover Beach," modern subjectivity wails and cries out on fate from no stress of misfortune, but quite à propos de toutes and on general principles. Subtract now the changes due to epic, dramatic, lyric form; the progress and the curve are there.

AN interesting experiment in the way of public entertainment has been for some time on foot in Berlin, and is now being copied in other cities, including Vienna. It originated in the idea of the German novelist, Ernest von Wolzogen, to establish an artistic kind of variety entertainment such as we usually associate with Paris. His *Buntes Theatre*, otherwise known as the *Ueberbrett*, or over-stage, is thus described by the Berlin correspondent of the *Novoye Vremya* for the benefit, and imitation, of St. Petersburg :

In founding his *Ueberbrett*, Wolzogen had in view several distinct objects. To encourage and facilitate the spread of new ideas in literature and art; to emancipate the progressive and original dramatists from the restrictions of commercial managers, and to give the thoughtful public an opportunity to become acquainted with the poets and writers of the day; and to provide a new form of entertainment, not inferior in quality to the drama, but different from it and in harmony with the spirit of the age.

The artists are not all professionals. Amateurs are welcomed, and the authors are encouraged to read their own works—poems, stories, humorous sketches, &c. The programme, therefore, is extremely varied—just as diversified as vaudeville, but freed from knockabout farce, from gymnastics, from vulgar songs and dancing, and similar "stunts." One-act plays are presented, and pantomime is a prominent feature. "Moving pictures" and other reproductions of current events are likewise included.

Wolzogen points out that people like to spend their evenings at places where they can have entertainment under freer conditions than those prevailing in theatres. Why should not men be allowed to have their comforts while enjoying the best things in literature and art? He hopes to see his scheme adopted in all leading cities, and variety thus made a means of developing the popular taste. He has had no

difficulty in securing the co-operation of poets, humorists, authors, singers, and actors. Tickets have to be obtained long in advance, so popular has this theatre already become. The prices are not high, since the authors gladly appear for little or no pay. The new venture will probably soon attract attention in England, where "variety" flourishes and shows no symptoms of decline.

THE open-access system in Free Libraries has been a bone of fierce contention among those peaceable folk, librarians. We fear that the controversy will only be fanned by the following notice which has just been issued :

In consequence of the serious loss and mutilation of books due to the admission of borrowers to the shelves, the Governors of the Bishopsgate Institute, London, have decided to abolish open access and adopt the indicator system, by which the borrowers will be served much more rapidly and satisfactorily.

IN a recent copy of the *United Irishman* we find an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats on a little book by John Eglinton called *Pebbles from a Brook*, which has not come our way. Mr. Eglinton's *Two Essays on the Remnant* found a few warm admirers some years ago. Mr. Yeats explains the essayist's point of view thus :

A single argument is to be found in all these essays, and, in spite of their curious, furtive style, this argument is so formidable that if a few thousand people believed in it and tried to arrange their lives as it would have them they would become like the foxes that dragged the torches into the Philistines' corn. He thinks that States and every other institution of man begin by fostering men's lives, and then gradually perfect themselves at the expense of men's lives, becoming more and more separated from life, until at last they become fixed as by a kind of frost, so that men, if they would keep alive and not be frozen, must fly from them as the Children of Israel fled from Egypt. He imagines that the Children of Israel, the idealists, are now wavering between Egypt, comfort, civilisation, as they call it, and the wilderness, the unworldly life; and he would persuade them to hesitate no longer.

FINALLY, Mr. Yeats expresses his own partial agreement with Mr. Eglinton :

I believe him right in thinking that the great movement of our time is a movement to destroy modern civilisation; but I cannot but believe him wrong in thinking that it will be ended by "liberated individuals" who separate themselves from the great passions, from the great popular interests, from religion, from patriotism, from humanitarianism. The movement against it takes the form now of collectivist, now of anarchist, now of mystical propagandas, now of groups of artists who labour to make the things of daily life, plates and candlesticks and the like, beautiful again; now of the awakening of the smaller nations, who preserve more of the picturesque life of the ancient world than do the big nations. "The Remnant," the men and women who have learned whatever modern life has to teach, and grown weary of it, should be the leaders of these movements. They are a small body, not more than one in five thousand anywhere, but they are many enough to be a priesthood, and in the long run to guide the great instinctive movements that come out of the multitude. They should be, as Walter Pater said of Leonardo da Vinci, like men "upon some secret errand," and in sharing in a great passion should look beyond the passion to some remote end; and they must be as ready to sacrifice themselves as those are who have never seen beyond the passion. Their labour must be to live as the blind do for the most part, to live as if they had but one idea, who have so many; but there will be times when they may have to bear witness for the end for some far-off thing, and seemingly against the passion itself, the idea itself, and John Eglinton may call this being ready to drink the hemlock. I think that if they have not this simplicity, this singleness of mind, they may do many beautiful things, write madrigals and the like, and be good

critics, but they will not, while the world remains what it is to-day, make the most weighty kind of literature, or give the world the impulse it is waiting for.

IT is joy to a commentator to comment, but it is, perhaps, greater joy to discover. Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has become a recognised authority on Lamb, and is at work on an extensive edition of his writings, has been able to enlarge the list of Lamb's works by adding to it a children's book, of which he easily convinces us that Lamb is the author. In consulting the Lamb-Wordsworth correspondence in the possession of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth at Ambleside, Mr. Lucas found in a letter, dated February 1, 1806, a list of books which Lamb says he has just despatched to Wordsworth by carrier from London, and among these "a Paraphrase on the King and Queen of Hearts, of which I, being the author, beg Mr. Johnny Wordsworth's acceptance and opinion." This was the clue, and Mr. Lucas followed it up with diligence. The last stage in his hunt, described by him in a letter to the *Athenaeum*, was as follows :

The next thing was to obtain a copy. This was less simple. As I have said, the British Museum Catalogue has no reference to it under any possible heading. Certain specialists in old children's books were asked, but they had never heard of it. The book was advertised for. All in vain. Ultimately the catalogue of the sale of the late Andrew W. Tuer's children's library (at Sotheby's, July 17, 1900) was consulted, and there the book was, with two or three others, in Lot 59. Messrs. Sotheby revealed the name of the dealer who had bought it; the dealer revealed the name of the collector for whom he had acted; and in a few days' time the collector—Miss Edith Pollock, whose house is a treasury of quaint juvenile literature—entrusted the little volume to me.

The cover—a yellow-paper wrapper—bears the following lettering and date, concerning which I have something to say later:—"The King and Queen of Hearts, with the Rogueries of the Knave who stole the Queen's Pies. Illustrated in Fifteen Elegant Engravings. London: Printed for M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41, Skinner Street, Snow Hill; and to be had of all Booksellers. 1809. Price 1s. Plain, or 1s. 6d. Coloured."

IN his book, *Culture and Restraint*, just published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Mr. Hugh Black applies himself to the consideration of questions of great import to those who are drawn two ways by a faith which demands renunciation and a culture which demands self-expansion. His book is an attempt to do justice to both calls, and it is by no means untimely. From Mr. Black's earnestly written introduction we quote the following remarks :

The problem suggested by the opposing ideals of culture and self-denial is no academic one, but in some form or other is a very real and practical difficulty, which demands some solution from every one. Should a man obey his nature or thwart it, seek self-limitation or self-expansion? In some moods it appears to us as if the best attitude, as it is certainly the easiest way to peace, is to accept simply what seem the surface facts of our nature, and give up the long passion of the saints after the unattainable. Yet in other moods we recognise that life gains in dignity and solemn grandeur, when a man realises even once that for him in the ultimate issue there are in all the world only God and his own soul. We no sooner take up one of the positions than doubts pervade the mind as to its sufficiency. If we say that the secret of life is just to accept our nature, and seek its harmonious unfolding, immediately the question arises, whether self-culture is not only a subtle form of self-indulgence. If, again, we make renunciation the infallible method, we cannot keep out the question, whether it is not moral cowardice, that we refuse to live the larger life and to wield the wider power which culture seems to offer.

The counsels of the great teachers also are varied and conflicting on this problem. Some say with assurance that "self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting," and that no human capacity was given to be renounced; others

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declare passionately, "Thou must go without, go without—that is the everlasting song which every hour all our life through hoarsely sings to us." Even if we do not trouble much about the general statement of the problem, and are not concerned about a plan of life that shall command itself to reason and to conscience, we do not escape the many practical difficulties in many things on the border line about which there is often no clear guidance, such as amusements, and our attitude towards certain kinds of art and literature.

WHERE shall an author live? Writing from Hampstead, a correspondent of the *Globe* points to the injury which will be caused if the School Board occupy a site in Well Walk—viz., the depreciation of high-class houses, representing a value of £50,000, without any compensation in the present state of the law. He adds: "Several authors have expressly come to live in these roads because of the quiet for literary work, and have invested in their houses. . . . The right of quiet for doing work is brutally invaded by so many needless disturbances that at least we may be spared the destruction by the School Board of one of the quietest refuges that now remain." The School Board is gaining an unenviable reputation for destroying old houses and places.

THE "likely-to-be-popular" novel is now quite a recognised literary asset in America. The author of a "likely-to-be-popular" novel is duly photographed in the literary papers.

THE directors of the *Daily News* have made permanent the temporary arrangement previously made, whereby the control of the paper—editorially and commercially—was placed in the hands of Mr. D. Edwards. Mr. Harold Spender and Mr. F. Moy Thomas will be joint acting editors—Mr. Spender superintending the politics of the paper and the correspondence, and Mr. Thomas the news and the review department.

NEXT Thursday afternoon a representation of Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth" will be played, under Elizabethan conditions, in the Lecture Theatre of the old University buildings, Burlington Gardens. The play will be performed by Mr. Ben Greet's dramatic company, under the direction of Mr. W. Poel. This is probably the first time for over three centuries that this play has been given in accordance with the words spoken by the chorus.

M. WIRT GERRARE, who is preparing the new edition of *Baedeker's Guide to Russia*, has just returned from the Far East. He was not allowed by the Russian authorities to enter Manchuria, and was denied access to all sources of information respecting the railways in construction there. Mr. Gerrare entered the forbidden territory in disguise, and travelled through from east to west without being detected by either the railway officials or the military guards.

Bibliographical.

THE new edition, in one volume and at a moderate price, of Planche's *Recollections and Reflections* should come as a boon to many. We do not hear much of Planche nowadays, but in his time he was an accepted authority on costume, and his dramatic extravaganzas were among the very best of their class. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, I fancy, learned a good deal from Planche, whose work was always decorous as well as bright and "literary," and who, in one of his inventions, most certainly anticipated Mr. Gilbert's Pooh-Bah. For the rest, Planche now lives mainly in a few isolated lyrics and in his autobiography, now reprinted, which would have been more acceptable had it been more rich in dates and other details. It was published originally by Tinsley Brothers in

two volumes just thirty years ago. I have not yet seen the new edition, but I hope it has been endowed with an index, without which a book of this sort has little real utility, however readable it may be. A portion of the *Recollections* and *Reflections* first saw the light in *London Society* (April to October, 1871).

That Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Mr. Bret Harte should have agreed, with others, to write introductions to certain "units" in a new American edition of Dickens will surprise no bookish person. In the well-known poem "Dickens in Camp" Mr. Harte long ago testified to his sympathy with Dickens-worship. Mr. Swinburne's sonnet on Dickens—enshrined in the volume called *Tristram of Lyonesse and Other Poems* (1882)—is probably not very familiar to the average reader. It is characteristically enthusiastic in tone and phrase, the sestet running :

Where stars and suns that we behold not burn
Higher even than here, though highest was here thy
place,
Love sees thy spirit laugh and speak and shine,
With Shakespeare and the soft bright soul of Sterne,
And Fielding's kindliest might and Goldsmith's grace;
Scarce one more loved or worthier love than thine.

Mr. Watts-Dunton, too, has a sonnet on Dickens in *The Coming of Love* thus ending :

City he loved, take courage on thy way!
He loves thee still, in all thy joys and fears.
Though he whose smile made bright thine eyes of grey—
Though he whose voice, uttering thy burthened years,
Made laughter bubble through thy sea of tears—
Is gone; Dickens returns on Christmas Day.

Mention may be made here of *Gems of Poetry by Present-day Authors* (London: George Kenning), because, though mainly an anthology, it contains a few hitherto unpublished pieces, one of which, at least, is by a writer of some note—a quasi-sonnet, called "The Woman of Samaria," by Mr. A. C. Benson (page 114). A new sonnet (page 130) is also contributed by the Rev. Richard Wilton, some of whose sonnets and rondeaus have merit above the average, and should be studied in his various volumes.

The *Lectures and Essays* by W. K. Clifford, which Messrs. Macmillan have just added (in two vols.) to their Eversley Library, came out originally in 1879. In 1886 they were re-issued in one volume, into which was introduced some verses addressed by Clifford to George Eliot. In the Eversley edition the Introduction concludes thus: "The bibliographical sketch of Clifford's work which formed part of this Introduction in the first edition is considered to have served its turn, and is not now reproduced." This is a mistake. The public is not so familiar with Clifford's work that any guide to it should be withheld in this way.

I see that Mr. Harry Quilter has been good enough to include in his extraordinary gallimaufry called *What's What* a column and a half on Bibliography. This article has in it more information and more sense than most of its companions. It is, however, too brief to be of any very special use. There should have been some description of, and comment on, the bibliographical "authorities" mentioned, not all of which are equally commendable. That the subject should be dealt with in Mr. Quilter's book at all is one more proof of the growing interest with which Bibliography is regarded.

It is pleasant to know that the posthumous volume of poems by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse will include "The Christ on the Hill," which was originally published separately in an *édition de luxe*, copies of which are now practically unobtainable. For many, of course, the chief charm of the volume would be in the pictorial illustrations. The poem, I venture to think, was one of the author's best, and, if I remember rightly, has not been "collected" till now. Some day it would be a pious thing for one of Mr. Monkhouse's friends—Mr. Dobson, for example—to make a selection from his verses.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Pasteur's Way.

The Life of Pasteur. By René Vallery-Radot. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. With Portrait. 2 vols. (Constable. 32s.)

In his youth it is sometimes extremely difficult to distinguish the great man from the praiseworthy and excellent plodder. Louis Pasteur, born in 1822, was the son of a provincial tanner, and came up to the Ecole Normale in Paris. The perusal of biographies inspired him with a generous ardour. He was so conscientious that he could never skim a book, even a feeble one. "There seemed to him no better way of spending a holiday than to be shut up all Sunday afternoon at the Sorbonne laboratory or coaxing a private lesson from the celebrated Barruel." His companion Chappuis used to wait for him, "philosophically sitting on a laboratory stool until the experiments were over"; and at last Pasteur would take off his apron, saying, "half-angrily, half-gratefully, 'Well, let us go for a walk.' And, when they were out in the street, the same serious subjects of conversation would inevitably crop up—classes, lectures, readings, &c." He was the most affectionate son and brother, wrote home thick budgets at regular intervals, and sent presents to his sisters beyond his means. "For my part," his father reproved him, "I should prefer a thousand times that this money should still be in your purse, and thence to a good restaurant, spent on some good meals that you might have enjoyed with your friends." Pasteur's politics were of the simplest. He "had visions of a generous and fraternal republic." The words *drapeau* and *patrie* moved him "to the bottom of his soul." He profoundly believed in Lamartine as a politician. (What would he have thought of Balzac's portrait of Lamartine in *Modeste Mignon*?) In 1848, when crossing the Place du Panthéon, he saw the famous Autel de la Patrie erected; going back to the school he emptied a drawer of all his savings and returned to deposit 150 francs on the altar. "You have probably kept a receipt, with mention of date and place," wrote the old tanner, who also advised him to advertise the gift in *Le National*. At the age of twenty-six he proposed for the hand of Mlle. Marie Laurent, and his letter to Laurent *père* is full of the phrases of the industrious apprentice—"assiduous work," &c. To Mme. Laurent he wrote: "There is nothing in me to attract a young girl's fancy; but my recollections tell me that those who have known me very well have loved me very much." Travelling in Germany, he visited Dresden and the picture gallery. "There is a most beautiful museum," he wrote, "containing pictures by the first masters of every school. I spent over four hours in the galleries, noting on my catalogue the pictures I most enjoyed. Those I liked I marked with a cross; but I soon put two, three crosses, according to the degree of my enthusiasm. I even went as far as four." When his father died, he wrote to his own little daughter: "He died on the day of your first communion, dear Cécile; those two memories will remain in your heart, my poor child. . . . Your prayers will have been acceptable unto God, and perhaps the dear grandfather himself knew of them, and rejoiced with dear little Jeanne over Cécile's piety."

France and England are well stocked with such exemplars—conscientious, cautious, industrious, orthodox, sentimental, affectionate; bereft of wit and humour (Pasteur had neither); the backbone of the nation, "voting straight"; reverent towards authority; tediously and incurably correct. We have all known them, and they usually rise to be bank cashiers, professors, confidential clerks to millionaires, stewards to dukes, and small merchants of shining respectability. They have everything needful to a grandiose success, except the quality of imagination. One man in a million of them has imagination, and it is as absolutely certain that

he will succeed as that the apple will fall to the ground. Pasteur had imagination, which is the basis of every scientific experiment that leads to a discovery, and he was further one of the greatest observers of his century. His renowned master, J. B. Dumas, wrote to him:

The art of observation and that of experimentation are very distinct. In the first case, the fact may either proceed from logical reasons or mere good fortune. . . . But the art of experimentation leads from the first to the last link of the chain, without hesitation and without a blank, making successive use of Reason, which suggests an alternative, and of Experience, which decides on it, until, starting from a faint glimmer, the full blaze of light is reached. Lavoisier made this art into a method, and you possess it to a degree which always gives me a pleasure, for which I am grateful to you. Take your time, Lavoisier has waited seventy years! . . . What are weeks and months?

Not till you get him in the laboratory, or in the lecture room defending some thesis, of which he is sure, do you begin to see the greatness of Pasteur. Watch his ecstasy as he labels the bottle containing the sixty grammes of elemental phosphorus which he has obtained himself. There is the great chemist in embryo! Listen to him smashing up the theory of spontaneous generation, and standing by his own discoveries about polarisation. When he has convinced himself, the customary humility of the great man suddenly vanishes, and you perceive a spirit that would not give way even were it to avert cosmic disaster. He said: "A man of science should think of what will be said of him in the following century, not of the insults or the compliments of our day." Long before spontaneous generation was abandoned by its prophets, Pasteur conducted a certain experiment with water and a couple of vases. At the end he said, with sublime conceit: "Never will the doctrine of spontaneous generation recover from the mortal blow of this simple experiment." It didn't. He asserted that hens did not take anthrax, and a bitter opponent retorted that nothing was easier than to give anthrax to hens. "Bring me a hen suffering from anthrax," said Pasteur. After months the opponent owned that he could not. "Now," said Pasteur, "I will myself bring you a hen that shall die of anthrax." Entering a maternity hospital for the first time in his life, he criticised the appliances without hesitation, and time proved him to be right. Listening to a lecturer on the causes of puerperal fever, he rose and said: "None of these things causes the epidemic. It is caused by a microbe." When the orator satirically feared that that microbe would never be found, Pasteur jumped up and drew an image of the creature on a blackboard. "There, that is what it is like!" And it was so.

The public thinks of Pasteur as the man who found out how rabies might be (sometimes) cured. Rabies was the merest incident in his career, which began with the phenomena of crystallisation and polarisation, and then went on to germs in general. The normal course of his studies was interrupted by an elaborate research, undertaken at the instance of the French Government, into the causes of the silkworm epidemic, which for years had ravaged the silk industry, and which in 1865 attained the proportions of a national calamity. Pasteur knew nothing of silkworms, yet he was appointed to this quest—so great was his reputation as an observer and experimenter. His efforts were entirely successful; he invented a system by which the disease might be stamped out. Italy and Austria eagerly adopted his views; but years passed—years of misconstruction and violent opposition—before the prophet of the pébrine-remedy came to honour in his own country. After Sedan, Pasteur wrote a paper, "Why France found no superior men in the hours of peril." He laid stress on "the forgetfulness, even disdain, that France had had for great intellectual men, especially in the realm of exact science." He "enumerated the services" rendered by science to his country. He

remarked that all modern defence and attack had been made possible solely by the discoveries of men of science. He might have pointed out that previous to his labours on the silkworm the losses caused to sericiculturists by the pôbrine epidemic amounted to fifteen hundred millions of francs in twenty years. He might have produced "the passport to immortality" sent to him by Tyndall, and the letter from Lister in which that great man stated that Pasteur's researches had furnished him with "the principle upon which alone the antiseptic system could be carried out." And, later on, he might have referred to the revolutionising influence of his work on the wine industry, the beer industry, agriculture. But that was not Pasteur's way. He lived only for the work itself. "Pasteur does not understand life," said Bertin; "he is a genius, that is all." He could not often see a joke (though he enjoyed the witty conversation of Dumas fils) and appreciated the homage paid to him by the author of *Denise*; he did not even see the joke when *la patrie (reconnaisante aux grands hommes)* settled on him, who had put an end to an annual leakage of seventy-five millions of francs, an annuity of something less than five hundred pounds a year.

Ferocious when science was slighted or impugned, scathing in defiance of prejudices which refused to accept a demonstrated fact, he was a remarkably tender and loving man, and by some magic he shed affection round him and drew it towards him while sacrificing even family ties to the laboratory. His wife had the supreme virtue of recognising the paramount importance of his mission. When Claude Bernard (*bête noire* of anti-vivisection leagues) lay sick and melancholy with a gastric disease, Pasteur conceived the brilliant idea of enheartening him by publishing a review of his friend's works: *Claude Bernard, the Importance of his Works, Teaching, and Methods*. It appeared in the *Moniteur Universel*, and had its due effect. His sensibility to pain in others was extraordinary; he often went home ill from the operating theatres. When the little Alsatian boy, bitten fourteen times by a mad dog, and Pasteur's first patient for rabies, came to Paris with his mother to be cured, Pasteur had a bedroom comfortably arranged for the mother and child in the old Rollin College, and the little boy was very happy amidst the various animals—chickens, rabbits, white mice, guinea-pigs, &c.; he "begged and easily obtained of Pasteur the lives of several of the youngest of them."

Pasteur died peacefully at 4.40 in the afternoon of September 28, 1895, in a room of almost monastic simplicity, surrounded by his family and disciples.

M. Vallery-Radot's biography is painstaking, thoroughly comprehensive, and, we doubt not, accurate. It has an air rather Teutonic than Gallic; it is a treasury of facts rather than a shapely biography. The author does not possess the gift of rendering the history of science agreeable. He seldom presents the man behind the man of science; he does not write with a smooth pen; he has not been overwhelmingly fortunate in his English translator. Still, if you persist to the conclusion of these handsome volumes, you will arrive at a full, if somewhat blurred, portrait of a genius.

A Lady of Quality.

The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826.
Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale.
(Murray. 32s. net.)

THE period covered by the life of Lady Sarah Lennox was a period which saw extraordinary changes in manners, in political life, and in the European situation. It is a far cry from the '45 and the last great Stuart effort to 1826 and the beginnings of Catholic Emancipation. The time was not essentially a romantic time, although the names of Clive and Hastings, of Nelson and Wellington ring through it; it was

rather a time of growth which only a few of the greatest realised, a growth by no means obvious to men whose vision was narrowed by a too personal ideal. It is, perhaps, the lack of the picturesque element in politics which discouraged Lady Sarah Lennox from following their course very closely; at any rate, as she grew older she appears to have taken less and less interest in such matters. Indeed, in these volumes, there are no sidelights of any great value upon affairs; their worth consists in the intimacy of the letters, in a certain sweetness and justice of outlook which grow stronger as the writer's years increase, and, it should be added, in their freedom from scandal. It may be that one who was herself the centre of a somewhat notorious scandal shrank from touching upon the weaknesses of her contemporaries, but we are inclined to think that the reason lay rather in the writer's natural delicacy.

Lady Sarah Lennox was the fourth daughter of the second Duke of Richmond; her eldest sister was the first Lady Holland, mother of Charles James Fox; another sister was the first Duchess of Leinster, mother of the noble and unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Nearly all Lady Sarah's letters are addressed to Lady Susan Fox Strangways, who, to the horror of her family, married an amiable gentleman connected with the stage called O'Brien. The first of these letters is dated 1761, at a time when Lady Sarah was like to become Queen of England. The infatuation of George III. for the beautiful and high-spirited girl was perfectly serious, apparently, and he made proposals to her in a characteristically awkward manner. Lord Holland wrote in his Memoir: "He is in love with her, and it is no less certain she loves him." As to her affection for the king, we may be permitted to doubt it, but, however that may have been, she had to content herself with playing bridesmaid at the king's wedding. Also, there were other distractions. Lord Holland writes again:

To many a girl H.M.'s behaviour had been very vexatious, but Lady Sarah's temper and affections are happily so flexible and light, that the sickness of her squirrel immediately took up all her attention, and when it, in spite of her nursing it, dy'd, I believe it gave her more concern than H.M. ever did. That grief, however, soon gave way to the care of a little hedge-hog, that she saved from destruction in the field and is now her favourite.

Some twelve months later Lady Sarah was married to Charles Bunbury, who not long afterwards succeeded his father, Sir William Bunbury. Sir Charles was an easy and pleasant person, given to sport and horse-racing (he owned Diomed, the first Derby winner), with whom Lady Sarah seemed to live on terms of great affection for nearly seven years. The letters of this period are made up of Newmarket, horses, chatter about relations, and visits to town. "I danced with Ld. Petre," she says on one occasion, adding, with charming inconsequence, "and he is a nasty toad, for I longed to spit in his face!" In another place she writes:

Mr. Garrick (sweet soul) is gone for some time to Italy; the play-house goes on the same, and has only some additional forces, particularly a Mr. Powell—who, I hear, is a very good recruit for tragedy—and Foote; in short, it will flourish very well for one winter, I fancy, and then the angel will come back.

And again she says of Garrick:

Only think of Mr. Garrick that acts for ever, is not it charming of him? I do propose to attend the Play constantly this winter when he acts, *coute que coute*, for I would not give up the pleasure of seeing him act for all the good opinion of this vile, scandalous, ill-natured world.

Here is her not inapt reference to Rousseau:

By way of news, Mr. Rousseau is all the talk; all I can hear of him is that he wears a pellise and fur cap, that he was at the Play, and desired to be placed so that he might not see the King, which as Mrs. Greville says is a "pauvrete

worthy a philosopher." His dressing particularly I think is very silly, and if, as the papers say, he told Mr. Garrick that he made him laugh and cry without understanding a word, in my humble opinion that was very silly too. . . . He sees few people, and is to go and live at a farm in Wales, where he shall see nothing but mountains and wild goats. "Autre pauvreté."

In 1768 Lady Sarah gave occasion of offence to "the vile, scandalous, ill-natured world" by leaving her husband for the protection of Lord William Gordon. This episode was brief, and we have no record of it in the letters before us, Lady Susan O'Brien having preserved none of her friend's correspondence between 1768 and 1775. A few months after this escapade Lady Sarah returned to her brother, the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood, where, for some years, she lived a life of complete retirement, wholly occupied with the daughter whom she was to lose later on the verge of womanhood. It was not till 1776 that a divorce was granted to Sir Charles Bunbury, who seems to have behaved throughout the affair with great good-nature, as well as with a, perhaps, too complacent magnanimity.

In 1781 Lady Sarah married the Hon. George Napier, a marriage which was good for England as well as for the parties concerned. Of the eight children born of the union three were distinguished soldiers, who all fought in the Peninsular War, and were afterwards knighted. One, Sir Charles Napier, was the conqueror of Scinde; another, Sir William, was the author of the History of the Peninsular War. After her marriage much time was spent in Ireland, which at that period was in so critical a state. Lady Sarah appears to have thought the situation exaggerated. "I suppose you won't forgive," she writes, "my saying nothing of our Irish politics, as they sound so terrible." In the same letter she says, "Edward Fitzgerald has acted a romance throughout all his life, and it is finished by his marriage with *Pamela Seymour*." But the romance of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's life was by no means finished then; it ended in prison in 1798 after the failure of the scheme for which he had nobly sacrificed all. Writing to the same correspondent, Lady Sarah says :

Your sense and sensibility, my dear Ly Susan, have pointed out the causes of my silence too plainly to need excuses, and in sacred silence would remain my afflicted heart relative to my dear nephew Edward Fitz-Gerald, if the cruelty of persons both in and out of power did not try to make misfortune double, by their infamous false witnesses kept in continual pay. . . . I therefore declare that I knew he was born with the most romantic, benevolent heart, that his imagination carried him beyond the bounds of practical philanthropy, and the times led too plainly to the strong desire of freeing his fellow-creatures from the real and manifest cruelties and oppressions of the Government of Ireland. . . .

The later letters become more and more domestic in character, and increasingly informed with a fine spirit of tenderness and resignation. For many years Lady Sarah was almost blind, although she appears to have kept her beauty to a late age. That beauty was chronicled more than once by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In these handsome and beautifully-printed volumes there are many excellent reproductions of portraits in photogravure, no less than nine being from the brush of the great and benign Sir Joshua. The notes to the work are concise and not too obtrusive, and the index unusually accurate and full. Prefixed to the first volume is a "Memoir on the events attending the death of George II., and the accession of George III.", by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and also Mr. Henry Napier's Memoir of her mother's early life, but we have preferred to draw upon Lady Sarah's own letters for the light which they throw upon her character and circumstances. The character which they reveal is a curious and interesting compound of simplicity and complexity, perhaps the dominant note is honesty. Certainly there was no affectation either as child or woman about Lady Sarah Lennox.

A Novelist and his Disciples.

The Wessex of Thomas Hardy. By Bertram C. A. Windle. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. (Lane. 21s.)

SOME years ago a man of letters, being asked to furnish a list of self-educator books, preferred to give a list of the kind of works that the self-educator should never read. It included books about books, and books that try to prove anything. While not endorsing that view, we suggest that there are at least two qualities which those who write about books should possess—industry and enthusiasm. These qualities Mr. Bertram C. A. Windle certainly has. He has also an encyclopaedic acquaintance with all Mr. Hardy has written; he knows the Wessex country as an actor knows the Strand, and he has visited every locality used by Mr. Hardy. The result is a volume of over three hundred pages, with maps, and some fifty odd illustrations by Mr. Edmund H. New. Discipleship could go no further. As a guide-book to the Wessex country, as a topographical history of the novels, the book is final; but we cannot say that we have derived much exhilaration from reading it. For example, with the memory of how Mr. Hardy has written of Egdon Heath, it is a little like eating toast that has been standing for an hour to read Mr. Windle :

Egdon is a portion of Dorset over which the lover of wild nature will do well to linger: its "abrupt slopes" and its dark valleys will afford him a series of views varying in character from the confined to the spacious, but always satisfying, always new. It is a place from which those who have learnt to love it tear themselves with difficulty, and to which they return time after time with ever intensified feelings of delight.

Or take the beginning of the pages which Mr. Windle devotes to *Jude* :

Jude the Obscure is also a highly topographical novel, and centres round a district far removed from any yet considered in this book. Jude himself was born at Mellstock, where so many Wessex incidents happen; but at the commencement of the tale he is living with a relative at Fawley Magna, in the Berkshire Downs. The spot is most easily reached from Wantage—

And so on. Yes, Mr. Windle certainly has enthusiasm and industry, but he has not the power to impart his enthusiasm, and he has not the charm, variety of mood, joy in sun and wind, and the emotion of the hour that goes to the making of the ideal guide book. But those who want an honest and evenly written guide to Mr. Hardy's Wessex will find it in this volume.

Mr. Hardy, as thinker and writer, has a singular power of making disciples labour to his honour. Much has been written on the Wessex country by ardent students of his books, and seven years ago an entire volume was written on *The Art of Thomas Hardy*. Indeed, Mr. Windle has done us the service of sending us again to Mr. Lionel Johnson's admirable volume, and to Mr. Lane's excellent bibliography printed at the end. Who remembers that Mr. Hardy's first published article was called "How I Built Myself a House"? It appeared in *Chambers's Journal* in 1865. And who remembers that it was Mr. Hardy who wrote William Barnes's obituary notice. It appeared in the *Athenaeum*, and is reprinted in Mr. Lionel Johnson's volume, with the full text of that fine ballad, "The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's," a bowdlerised version of which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1875. It takes a novelist to give a lifelike picture of a man in an obituary notice. Here is Mr. Hardy's characterisation of William Barnes, poet and philologer :

There were few figures more familiar to the eye in the county town of Dorset than an aged clergyman, quaintly attired in caped cloak, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes, with a leather satchel slung over his shoulders, and a stout staff in his hand. He seemed usually to prefer the middle of the street to the pavement, and to be thinking of matters which had nothing to do with the scene before

him. He plodded along with a broad, firm tread, notwithstanding the slight stoop occasioned by his years. Every Saturday morning he might have been seen thus trudging up the narrow South-street, his shoes coated with mud or dust according to the state of the roads between his rural home and Dorchester, and a little grey dog at his heels, till he reached the four crossways in the centre of the town. Halting here, opposite the public clock, he would pull his old-fashioned watch from its deep fob, and set it with great precision to London time. This, the invariable first act of his market visit, having been completed to his satisfaction, he turned round and methodically proceeded about his other business.

These two books should certainly have a place on the Hardy shelf, and Mr. Johnson might bring his study up to date.

More and More Memories.

Then and Now. By Dean Hole. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

DEAN HOLE is a veritable geyser of memories, and we have no reason to suppose or wish that he is here "active" for the last time. In 1892 we had *The Memories of Dean Hole*; in 1895 his *More Memories*; and to-day we are confronted by the above portly volume. All these books might be shaken up together and re-divided in almost any way without injury to the Dean's literary reputation, which is that of a very kindly, tolerant, all-round cleric, to whom the worlds of sport, society, city, and country have been familiar these eighty years. To be entertainingly wise is the Dean's aim, and although he is often just going to be grave, he rarely, if ever, succeeds. Indeed, the Fatal Jocularity of Deans is a subject which may yet have to be discussed, and the material is abundant. On page 199 of this book we find Dean Hole and Dean Ramsay foregathered in pleasant discourse. The Edinburgh Dean reeled off stories about the familiarity of certain ministers in their addresses to the Almighty, at the same time insisting on the genuine piety and reverence of these worthies, one of whom put up the following frenzied petition on behalf of Queen Adelaide: "O Lord, save Thy servant, our sovereign lady the Queen; grant that as she grows an old woman she may become a new man; strengthen her with Thy blessing that she may live a pure virgin, bringing forth sons and daughters to the glory of God; and give her grace that she may go forth before her people like a he-goat on the mountains."

Once more Dean Hole appears as the champion of the moderate use of alcoholic drinks. He condoles with, not extols, those who, with no inclinations to excess, have pledged themselves to total abstinence. Their zeal is not according to knowledge. They have clever evangelists, but to these the Dean applies the couplet:

Some to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse
Want as much more to turn it to its use.

As for the example-to-others argument, it has been "a dismal failure."

For many years I have searched and inquired for some successful results, for one man who would prove to me that, being a drunkard, he was so much impressed by the example of his clergyman, who, for his sake and imitation, ceased to drink his glass of beer at luncheon, his glass of port at dinner, or his glass of whisky and water at night, that he broke away from his vicious indulgence and became a sober man. I am waiting to receive him, but until he arrives I shall retain the sorrowful suspicion that there is a strong resemblance between this total abstainer and the native of Japan who disembowelled himself before an Englishman whom he hated, expecting him to follow his example, in accordance with the custom of the country, and the brutal Briton put his thumb to his nose. . . . I have heard a cadaverous preacher say that when a man began to take alcoholic liquors he was sowing the seeds of mortal illness. My father sowed until he was ninety, and I was at eighty engaged in the same occupation; and I murmured, *sotto voce*, "Rubbish!"

The Dean's stories and illustrations are nearly always of a robust type, and one realises that though he has been many things—squire, sportsman, traveller, and warrior—he can never have been a mincing curate or a solemn rector. On any and every subject—Children, Wives, Nurses, Recreations, Locomotion, Preaching, and Games—the Dean turns on the same easy flood of stories and large-hearted comment. Indeed, quotation is too easy to be easy. In his chapter on Books Old and New he runs over the reading of his boyhood, in which there are no surprises, though we rather doubt whether boys of to-day read such good stuff as *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, *The Scottish Chiefs*, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, the *Castle of Otranto*, *Tales of a Traveller*, *The Pilot*, and other books which nourished the Dean's youthful mind. Byron he read freely, and wept with Gulnare upon the chains of Conrad; he learned "The Dream" by heart; could quote any amount of "Childe Harold"; and devoured "Don Juan" in a hayloft. Of the last-named work he only remarks: "I agree for once with the fast young lady who said that 'it was not quite the book which you could give to the dear rector's daughters'; but I am not aware that it did me harm, and I believe that in this case, as in many others, if there were no denunciations, not many young folks would care to read it." We can endorse this. The present writer has a lively recollection of being asked at intervals of a year or so, by an elderly female relative, whether he had read "Don Juan." She asked it with stern solicitude; as if it were a catastrophe at once probable and destructive of his character and future, in which she would then be able to take no further interest. If he did not read it, it must have been because books and haylofts were not so freely at his disposal as they were to the embryo Dean of Rochester. It must not be supposed, however, that the Dean's tolerance is so wide as to have no shores. Nourished on Dickens, Thackeray, and John Leech—whose praises he is never tired of singing—he has no mercy on the modern "sex novel," with its attacks on marriage and its translations of vice into smartness or self-expansion. None of the Dean's opinions provoke argument. They are so genial, personal, and mellow, that one takes them as they come—with a frank armchair enjoyment and, sometimes, a little surprise.

A Positivist Retrospect.

George Washington, and Other American Addresses. By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan.)

THIS volume is the fruit of a visit paid by Mr. Harrison to America in the course of last spring, during which he was called upon, in the Transatlantic fashion, to give a number of addresses to the members of various universities and literary societies. Appropriately enough, it opens with the Chicago address on the birthday of George Washington, the delivery of which was the primary object of the tour. Other discourses are upon such heroes of the Positivist "calendar" as King Alfred, Abraham Lincoln, Oliver Cromwell, and William the Silent; upon the more abstract topics of "Municipal Government," "Republicanism and Democracy," and "The Nineteenth Century," and—perhaps the most interesting of all—upon the speaker's "personal reminiscences" of the great men of the present century with whom he has lived and talked, and, for the most part, battled. Many of these subjects Mr. Harrison has, of course had occasion to handle elsewhere and more fully; but the lucid and trenchant estimates into which he has here managed to compress the results of much study and much thought have an interest of their own distinct from that of more elaborate and detailed work. As a Positivist, Mr. Harrison has always been fated to stand more or less in isolation from the main current of ideas outside the doors of his Church; and it is curious to notice that, although the

isolation is certainly not less to-day than it was a decade ago, yet it is coming to depend on somewhat different barriers. If the sanguine Imperialists of the twentieth century dislike Mr. Harrison for his openly avowed aversion from military conquest and preference for a Republican form of government, they will, on the other hand, probably be more inclined than were their fathers to condone his contempt for parliamentary institutions, and even to sympathise with the stress which, in the true spirit of Comte, he is wont to lay upon the importance of dominating personalities as factors in history.

Mr. Harrison does not persuade us to be a Positivist; but he has our respect as a brave fighter and a stimulating thinker. He has taken his full share in the intellectual combats of half a century, and, as his great contemporaries pass away, his own position as a survivor becomes an interesting one. It cannot have been without a thrill that the young ladies of the Women's College, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, listened to one who could tell how he had spoken in the flesh with Comte and Mazzini, with Carlyle and Turgenev, with George Eliot and John Stuart Mill, names shining dimly to them out of an historic past. Not that Mr. Harrison's reminiscences are in themselves, for the most part, more than trivial. Carlyle he describes sitting by his fireside, exactly like Whistler's portrait of him, "wishing that many people and things 'might all be dawmed down to hale.'" Huxley he met in many a sparring match at the Metaphysical Society, where "he would fly at a Positivist with even more zest than at a bishop." He knows "how warm a heart, what fire of enthusiasm lay covered up, like a volcano under snow, beneath the dry, formal, antiquated official which the world saw as Mill." Turgenev he met carrying the shoes of some French girls in a brown-paper parcel from Versailles to the Rue de Madrid, and Victor Hugo, pontificating in his own *salon*, in appearance a stout, weather-beaten sea captain, bluff in manner, imperative in tone and gesture, hearty with his own family, and somewhat impatient with outside people. From a literary point of view, Mr. Harrison's best note is of Tennyson.

He once told me how he came to write those magical lines in the "Princess":

"Tears—idle tears—I know not what they mean."

He had been wandering alone, he said, among the ruins of Tintern Abbey, thinking of the monks and their solitary lives in the epoch of its foundation, and then, looking up across the Wye, he saw its harvesters—girls, men, and boys gathering in their crops in the fulness of life and merriment. And the contrast of the old world and the new filled him with emotion, so that the lines came to him as a spontaneous inspiration, as if he were simply recalling some familiar song that haunted his memory.

What inspirations Tintern Abbey has given to poets and artists! We hope no one will compile them.

Other New Books.

The Tale of the Great Mutiny. By W. H. Fitchett. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MR. FITCHETT has established himself as the popular historian of the empire. His easy, bright power of narrative appeals to boy and man. His new volume is a brief and popular narrative of the Indian Mutiny. Within its limitations it is a good narrative, written with picturesque selection and energy, and illustrated with maps and portraits of the leaders. One only regrets that portraits of the chief native leaders were not added. Even now, it is impossible to read without excitement the story of that epic struggle, diversified by details which are the essence of romance. Take the escape of Sir T. Metcalfe

Deputy Commissioner of Delhi. Pursued from Delhi by native horse, his steed broke down, and a chance native hid him in a cave. The native flogged Metcalfe's steed out of sight, and when the pursuers, after questioning him, proposed to search the cave, he

burst out laughing, and raising his voice so that I [Metcalfe] must hear, he said: "Oh yes, search the cave. Do search it. But I'll tell you what you will find. You will find a great red devil in there; he lives up at the end of the cave. You won't be able to see him, because the cave turns at the end, and the devil always stands just round the turn, and he has a great long knife in his hand, and the moment your head appears round the corner he will slice it off, and then he will pull the body in to him and eat it. Go in; do go in—the poor devil is hungry. It is three weeks since he had anything to eat, and then it was only a goat. He loves men, does this red devil; and if you all go in he will have such a meal!"

They went in, single file. The leader's head peered round the corner, and Metcalfe smote it from the body. With a yell of terror they all fled. "Did you see him?" asked the native. "Do go back; he wants more than one." But they declined. Asked by Metcalfe why he had saved him, the native replied: "Because you are a just man." And the reason he gave for this opinion was that Metcalfe had once decided a case against him, which by concerted lying he had won in all the inferior Courts. "If you had given the case for me I would not have saved your life!" This fine story is not so undoubted as one could wish it. But it is a sample of the stirring things in the volume—things which could only happen in India.

John Chinaman, and a Few Others. By E. H. Parker. (Murray. 8s. net.)

MR. PARKER's book is based on his consular experiences in China; and its object is, not to give a scientific and systematised account of China or the Chinese, but to familiarise Westerns with the Chinese by frankly desultory sketches of the individual types which he has known. Of course he introduces what amount of system is possible by gathering the types under certain general headings in separate chapters. Nor does he confine himself exclusively to Chinese; the various races inhabiting or neighbouring China receive attention. It is an interesting book, as every record of personal experience among a quite strange people is bound to be, when it is made by an intelligent and friendly observer. And Mr. Parker, though he has no passion for John Chinaman, sympathises with him as a human being; and believes in the virtue of kinder treatment than Westerns are at present given to employing towards him. The coercion of China, he holds with Sir Robert Hart (most experienced of English officials in those parts), is bound to fail as an ultimate policy. You have sketches such as that of Chang Shu-shéng—a grizzled old Taiping, married to the sister of his conqueror, Li Hung Chang—whose "chief feature was a single jagged green tooth or tusk in the upper jaw, and he spat freely into your face as he addressed you." Or his Chinese teacher, Ou-yang the incorruptibly virtuous, yet mean exceedingly in private life; "he used to intrigue round his arch-enemy the 'boy' in order to get a meal gratis; furtively swallow opium pills to conceal the fact that he had once been an opium *roué*; grow purple in the face when bargaining with boatmen about a few copper cash; and catch rats for his dinner in order to make the coy hair grow. He was never tired of impressing on me the barbarism of my nature." And you have versions of classic Chinese poems, two to three thousand years old, which you can guess are tender and excellent in the original. A very instructively entertaining volume, with no aim at style, though not unliterary.

16 November, 1901.

Sir Robert Murdoch Smith. By H. K. Dickeon. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

FEW people can have any knowledge or recollection of the Halicarnassus Expedition, which was undertaken immediately after the Crimean War. Its object was not warfare, but the discovery of the famous mausoleum of Mausolus, Prince of Caria, which was erected in the fourth century B.C., and was probably destroyed in the Middle Ages by the Knights of St. John, when they built the castle at Budrum with the stones and sculptures of the ancient Halicarnassus. Major-General Sir Robert (then Lieutenant) Murdoch Smith was one of the Engineer officers chosen for this task, and among those who spent some time with the expedition were the artists Messrs. G. F. Watts and Val Prinsep. It was owing chiefly to Murdoch Smith's intuition that the site of the mausoleum was discovered, and the account of the excavations drawn from the young officer's letters home is as interesting as a romance. After the Halicarnassus Expedition, Murdoch Smith, who was at Malta, proposed the Cyrene Expedition to a city which was once the capital of a flourishing Greek colony, but has been unoccupied for more than a thousand years. The principal finds there were the Temples of Apollo and Dionysos, and when the business was successfully accomplished Murdoch Smith's next move was to Persia, where he was appointed to the Persian telegraph staff. The greater part of his life was thenceforward spent in Persia, though later on he was made Director-in-Chief of the Indo-European telegraphs. The fault of the book is a tendency to prolixity, which here and there weakens the narrative. The illustrations and index are good, and the maps and plans especially to be commended.

Travels Round Our Village. By E. G. Hayden. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is one of those books of which, like books on gardening, we have had too many. To write amiably about one's village, and extract the humours of the quaint bodies therein, offers, like writing about flower-beds, a temptation which few amateurs of the pen can withstand. But old Biddy's sayings are surely worth recording for the amusement of all the world? Certainly; if one has the art to reproduce their flavour in type. Unhappily, few writers have this trifling gift; whereas many can take up a patronising pen and report Biddy sufficiently accurately for the satisfaction of themselves, who remember her tones. Miss (or Mrs.) Hayden's portly book has many rustic conversations in dialect, but their original character is rarely communicated. We have read pages and pages with no more than languid interest, and without seeing exactly why they should have been reprinted from the periodicals in which they, or their substance, appeared. There are, however, some very pleasing old country recipes for wine and cordials which are worth remembering. We cannot admire Mr. Leslie Brooks's pictures as much as we should like to.

The Adventures of Picklock Holes. By R. C. Lehmann. (Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

THIS book is a reprint of contributions to *Punch* some years ago, when Sherlock Holmes was first attracting an attention which is to-day almost too excessive. Probably no fictional hero and no stories ever lent themselves more naturally to the parodist than Mr. Conan Doyle's detective and Dr. Watson's narrative of his exploits. Indeed, to a certain extent the burlesque is automatic; it writes itself. Mr. Lehmann's travesty is amusing, but it lacks that concentrated force which the best parody should possess. The same criticism applies to the perversion of Mr. Meredith in the same book, although a greater expenditure of brain has been brought to bear on it.

The Idler's Calendar. By G. L. Apperson. (Allen.)

MR. APPERSON's little book is confessedly a collection of "turnovers" from the *Globe*, a form of writing in which many distinguished authors have won their way to ease of expression. But not many have reprinted their efforts. Mr. Apperson's essays are pleasant and neatly turned, touching upon such subjects as April, the Dancing Sun, Honeysuckle, Idleness, Autumn Haze, and Fireside Travels; and they show a pretty familiarity with the quieter authors. Somehow, however, a "turnover" is a better thing in the *Globe* than out of it. Mr. Apperson, in his next volume of essays, should, for a salutary change, try to say only those things that no one else would. The result would be less suitable "turnovers," but a better book.

THE stillness of old libraries, the warm tones of lecterns and stalls, the odour of leather bindings where books are few and good and old, make up the charm of Mr. John Willis Clark's work *The Care of Books* (Cambridge University Press, 42s.), which is nevertheless no impressionist or sentimental work, but a severe and scholarly essay on the development of libraries and their fittings from the earliest times to the end of the eighteenth century. We do not often meet with a book on which so much love and pains have manifestly been spent. Out of labour rather than design has come beauty, for alike in the development of its subject and its pictorial illustration this work is a treasure. Few people realise the pedigree of a set of bookshelves, still less do they imagine that this pedigree has interest and importance. Mr. Clark traces it historically and philosophically, and his endeavour to impart human interest to a great mass of facts is entirely successful.

If you want fine local colour without the embarrassment of a screech-advertised story in the foreground, just ask at your library for Mr. Paul Fountain's *The Great Deserts and Forests of North America* (Longmans, 9s. 6d. net). It is good to be told yet again of these vast regions—homes of silence and the wolf and the mocassin snake. The great swamps in the Southern States attracted Mr. Fountain, who deliberately chose to wander in the most desolate regions. Yet his book reminds us that man is vile. His description of Carson City twenty-five years ago is veiled, but it spells unnameable horrors. "And there were women here; oh, God! such women. No pen dare reveal the abominations . . . treated as excellent jokes to be rewarded by roars of laughter." A book of reality and America thoroughly worth reading.

Fiction.

The Novel of Autobiography.

Mousmé. By Clive Holland. (Pearson. 6s.)
For Love or Crown. By A. W. Marchmont. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

When the Land was Young. By Lafayette McLaws. (Constable. 6s.)

Our Lady of Deliverance. By John Oxenham. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

The Ambassador's Adventure. By Allen Upward. (Cassell. 6s.)

The Lover's Progress. Told by Himself. (Chatto. 6s.)

The Place of Dreams. By William Barry. (Sands. 6s.)
Romance of a Harem. Trans. by Clarence Forestier-Walker. (Greening. 6s.)

BEFORE the days of publishers' lists and mechanical romance, the writer's art was delightfully personal; it was ideal autobiography. To put himself into imaginary parts is for many a one the only way of living a life whose extinction he would regret.

The artist's autobiography is as often as not ex-personal in expression, though with personality in every line. The

great artist has as many "I's" as the hydra had heads, and he can afford to stand outside any one of them and write of it "in the third person." Even so it will live, and he will feel it live. The smaller artist finds the outward form of autobiography less an accident than a necessity if he is to gain inspiration. That is the best apology that can be made for many a vigorous narrative in its grievous breaches of discipline. For there is a discipline even for the writer of autobiography. He is to be conceived, if a gentleman, as not, for instance, wearing the hearts of ladies on his sleeve. Yet in *For Love or Crown*, the baronet, who is both hero and historian, spares us scarcely a kiss or a nestle: "I felt that her love must have its course," he says. The hero and narrator of *Our Lady of Deliverance* is equally communicative. "I covered her face with kisses, until she pressed her rosy palms on my lips and broke away." The husband in *Mousmé* even affords a glimpse of the nuptial chamber, and puts on record his cook's surprise at finding the little Geisha "was a lady after all." There is no lack of English domestic sentiment in any of these three novels: they are, thank heaven! touchingly monogamous; Mr. Coventry Patmore could not angelicise woman more rosily than Messrs. Marchmont, Oxenham, and Holland. Their error lies in making the fond husbands of their dreams the showmen of their wives' love. Husbands with the incomes allotted to these by their benevolent creators have no excuse for publishing their bliss. Mr. Marchmont, who has erred before in this matter, amuses one as his imagination, like that of Mr. Anthony Hope, roves among the exalted ones of this poor planet, his heroine being the nominal heir of a German Duchy, though distressingly prosaic of conversation. Mr. Oxenham, who has found a novel in the Dreyfus case, with a Utopian variation on Devil's Island, is so obviously deficient in technique as to raise hope of an education (albeit one carried on in public). He errs apparently through ignorance, and atones by the charm of a pretty Denise. Mr. Holland infuses so much grace and tenderness into his creation, the Japanese wife who in these sequent pages visits England and becomes a mother, that one hesitates to debit his talent with imperfect manners, but rather with a forgetfulness of one of those little devices which excuse a candour that is only proper when a man writes of himself or with the remoteness of the historian.

Of the sins of invented autobiography the sin of an excessive copiousness of information is one of the most common. Mr. Marchmont's self-conscious baronet quotes verbatim the dreadfully noble letter he wrote, to be delivered to his Celia if his rival killed him. Mr. McLaws, writing in the person of a Carolina captain in James the Second's days, is as explicit as Robinson Crusoe, although gaudier in his "sensations." We have one of those miraculous girls who masquerade in man's attire; she is a Crockettress, for all she comes from America and has fenced with the boldest duke that ever disguised as a buccaneer. Indian torture, Spanish torture, the city of the Chocktaws, Morgan the pirate, and, as a wind-up, the Grand Monarque, compose a *ragout* as stirring as was ever made by mortal cook. Defoe and pepper, that is the method; but autobiography should relieve us of the tedium of what everybody said (except their profanities). As it is, the autobiographical captain has a marvellous memory. The boys who read him will be direly happy; the stay-at-home of forty may be slightly bored.

The captain's prodigal memory is matched by the lover's and that of Mr. Upward's ambassador. The ambassador talks over three hundred crown octavo pages at one recital. He has assisted at the rescue of a little King of Navarre from Anarchists, and there are reasons why he should hold his tongue about it. The ingenuity of the tale is indisputable, but it as indisputably exposes by unconscious parody the inherent absurdity of the Hope-Dumas romance, where the antics of Renaissance heroism are to be observed

in frockcoated gentlemen of the nineteenth or twentieth century. Defoe is nearer to Mr. McLaws's extravagance than to such growths.

Why? Because there is a residue of the real in Mr. McLaws. "I tugged at my arms until the sharp fetters cut deep into my flesh and I could feel the blood trickle down my hand . . . until I longed to be a dog, that I might lap my own blood." Thirst is finely imagined there; one must remember the man who was thirsty for his own blood. At the same time one demands of autobiography many touches not less vivid and even more intimate, though less violent, than this. And that is where fictional autobiography is woefully deficient. A *Veronica Verdant* (*vide* a recent novel) may head a chapter, "I am Kissed," and advertise a cosmetic in a footnote, but abruptness of self-exposure may fail of value through the insignificance of the exposed. It is possible, indeed, to expose even virtue in such a way as to deface it. Miss Esther Summerson's humility, for instance, has ever, through the intolerable stress on it, seemed neighbourly to Uriah Heep's. Thus is an ineptitude of Dickens punished by his genius. His *Copperfield*, however, offers Romance an enduring type of excellence in gentle autobiography. Here's a man never too heroic to write of himself with propriety. Neither is the lover in *The Lover's Progress*. He has a large nose; he is jilted; he squanders his substance. Of all the books before us it has most air of being a true book. The writer knows his France—France of the Terrible Year and later—and his sketch of a Parisian Theatre of Varieties is quite brilliant. The lover surrounds each of his three passions with a nimbus; yet is there a sobriety in his writing that bears witness to the crowding world of work and interests which forces even grief to acknowledge its impermanence.

The accident of this article brings into prominence Father Barry's "De Profundus Clamavi," the first of four characteristic stories which make up a volume of reprints. It is a rather good example of a story failing, through thrift of information, from producing the effect at which it aims. The priest who relates it has made the acquaintance of a modern sorcerer, who obtains manifestations from the world behind the veil. But where the sorcerer would fain see a forgiving face he sees only an old fault—his own—and its horrid sequel re-enacted before his eyes. There is suggested a more intellectual view of this marvel than commonly redeems its threadbare relatives of fiction and legend; but Father Barry has not artistically justified himself in it. His mist of glamour is but gradually unfurled; in the space of this story it has no time to encompass us.

If the assertion of the "I" in Father Barry's short story is met with by a perfunctory smile of incredulity, the smile broadens perceptibly in reading *Romance of a Harem*, which professes, with touching vehemence, to be true. We skimmed the original some years ago in an Algiers yellow-back called *Mémoires d'une Circassienne*, since when it has found the more pompous title of *Dans l'Ombre du Harem*. The narrator was frankly in love with Prince Halim, and avers that she was cognisant of the plot to dethrone Abdul Aziz, and witnessed his death, which occurred after a murderous violence had been done on him. She is in respect of her position such an indefinite mixture of a Nobody and a Somebody that she would seem, were she a little less French and vulgar, a sort of Spirit of the Harem. She views in the harem the ideal existence for woman. Among Moslems she discerns true honour and the riches of Aladdin. Yet it makes her suddenly sad to sit on a sack of pearls, and one likes her all the better for it. One feels that she has been "written up" (or down), but that a substratum remains which is herself and her experiences, and worth encountering.

And so good bye to the novel of autobiography, but not without a final word of comment. First, most novels in "I" should be re-written in "He" or "She." Secondly

we may remind our novelists that such old servants as served the Master of Ballantrae are still not to be despised as narrators, though they may forget a few caresses. Thirdly, that it is not a bad thing for the hero-autobiographer to impress us with the belief that his ostensible business is the celebration of a hero he deems better than himself. We learn effectively enough that William Brower rose to the top, but he called his book *Eben Holden*.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE MAKING OF A MARCHIONESS. BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

A pleasant, sympathetic story of modern life. The scene is laid in an English country house, where a marquis is the centre of matrimonial interest on the part of both the English and Americans present. Among the guests was Emily Fox-Seton, poor, beautiful, and "nice," and—but we will not disclose the plot. Emily "was such a simple, normal-minded creature that it took but little to brighten the aspect of life for her, and to cause her to break into her good-natured, child-like smile." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE USURPER. BY W. J. LOCKE.

A straightforward, well-told story, with the love and disillusionment of a poet as one of the lesser threads of interest. The Usurper is a man who, amassing fabulous wealth, uses it for the benefit of others. But the property that formed the foundation of his fortune was feloniously acquired, and the time comes when he makes public confession of his crime—and wins something. Mr. Locke has the gift of handling melodramatic situations delicately. (Lane. 6s.)

FANCY FREE. BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

A medley of verses, sketches, stories, and satires, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, Mr. Sime, and others. The volume is in Mr. Phillpott's humorous manner. He has even parodied Poe's "Bells," calling it, of course, "The Bills":

Hear the postman with the bills—little bills!
What a secret misery the sight of them instils!
(Methuen. 6s.)

THE BALLET DANCER. BY MATILDE SERAO.

Two stories. The second is called "On Guard." An "at home" portrait of the distinguished authoress—very determined, very busy—forms the frontispiece to the volume. Carmela "possessed three pairs of tights, and had not bought a new pair for a long time; the oldest pair was so worn and discoloured that by the light of the footlights it looked quite white, and she could no longer wear it. She still kept it, however, for economical reasons." (Heinemann. 6s.)

DUMB. BY THE HON. MRS. WALTER FORBES.

A novel of modern Scottish life, with a strong and interesting story running through it. The Prologue tells of Castle Craig, of Sir Douglas, and his wife, who died, leaving a son. Towards the end of the story there is fighting. "I—I am afraid it is bad news," he said slowly; "still, you know I don't much believe in these telegrams; and I have wired up to a friend of mine at the War Office." (Chatto. 6s.)

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS. BY LADY MABEL HOWARD.

A modern story, dealing mainly with Rhoda Webster and her love affairs. Her father had "amassed a large fortune,

and had left it all, absolutely and unconditionally, to his daughter on her reaching the age of nineteen." The motto on the title-page is from an old Persian prayer—"O God, be merciful to the wicked; to the good Thou hast already been merciful in making them good." (Longmans. 6s.)

MEN v. DEVILS

BY T. KINGSTON CLARKE.

A City novel, not the City of Wood-street and Cheapside warehouses, but the City of company promoters, and "startling realistic revelations of Stock Exchange practice." Woolfe Finklestein, the millionaire, was "a man of the typical Hebrew type—frail, lank, and bony," whose career had begun in the Seven Dials, where he lent money. Here are a few of the chapter headings: "A Little Deal in Milwaukee," "Hamer's Shocking Attempt to Blackmail," "Shylock Claims His Bond," "Finklesteins are Ruined." (Sands. 6s.)

A BANKER'S LOVE STORY. BY ARCHIBALD MCILROY.

It was on a snowy January morning that Marcus Gray entered the service of the Spindleton Union Bank. That is the keynote. The story deals with the vicissitudes of a bank official's life in City head offices and country branches. Woman comes into the story after office hours, which, as observation of life, is correct. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

RICHARD HALPIN.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

"A Romance of the New Navy." Book I. is of school life; Richard, being accused of an offence of which he is innocent, goes to sea. His adventures follow. Book IV. is founded upon actual events. "It is night on the Santiago blockade—a hot July night. . . . There are three lines to this blockade: an outside semi-circle of the heavy ships—turreted fighters, with range of gun-fire greater than the radius . . ." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

TATTY.

BY PETER FRASER.

The sub-title is "a study of a young girl." Her name was Tatty, and she was born in Owen's Buildings, near the Angel. In a preface the author writes "a few words" (it is really eight pages) about "the two main psychological problems which are raised by the following story." Of Tatty herself he says: "Her spiritual Ego was united to one man and her material Ego to another." "Hence," says Mr. Peter Fraser, "there were tears." (Treherne. 6s.)

SWEETHEART MANETTE.

BY M. THOMPSON.

A mild, American novel, by the author of *Alice of Old Vincennes*. One of the characters is a novelist. *The Sweet Sister* was a great success—"chiefly, perhaps, on account of some law-suits it stirred up between certain citizens of Bay St. Louis and its publishers." (Macqueen. 6s.)

IN SEARCH OF MADEMOISELLE.

BY G. GIBBS.

Historical adventure. Period: the Huguenot colonisation of Florida. The hero is an Englishman who twice rescues "Madeleine" from the hands of the Spaniards. Mr. Gibbs takes the writing of historical romance seriously. In a "Note" he says: "I have carefully read the original or authorised editions of the writings of Hakluyt, René de Landonnière, and a number of others." But has Mr. Gibbs breathed the breath of life into his characters? That is the question. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

We have also received *Farden Ha'*, by Joanna E. Wood (Hurst & Blackett); *The Canker Worm*, by G. M. Fenn (Chatto, 6s.); *Great Lowlands*, by Annie E. Holdsworth (Hodder, 6s.); *A Younger Son*, by V. Fetherstonhaugh (Downey, 6s.); *The Woman of Orchids*, by Marvin Dana (Treherne, 6s.); *A Parfit Gentil Knight*, by Charlton Andrews (Chicago: McClurg, 6s.)

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What's "What's What"?

TWO ambitions mark the literary age: the ambition of editing and the ambition of self-expression. The one gives us texts and books of reference, the other gives us poems, essays, and a large class of novels. The two activities are poles asunder, and usually employ very different minds. It has been reserved for Mr. Harry Quilter to try to join them in one work. His *What's What*, which now oppresses our hands by its weight and our mind by its scope, is as much a budget of his opinions as a collection of facts. Explore where you will the Alphabetical *What*, you shall find yourself ambushed by the Quilterian Ego. The very title is tremendous when you find that it connotes all *whats*, and not merely the knowing little *whats* contemplated in the verbal phrase of everyday use. Obviously it follows the analogy of *Who's Who*; but that title connotes only persons, and only persons in whom the public is interested. We now expect to see on our table a *Where's Where*, which would be no bad title for a gazetteer, and a *When's When*, which will surely be the title of the next dictionary of dates. Even a *Why's Why*, dealing with the hither side of scientific questions may conceivably arrive. But "What's What"! Here, indeed, is ambition, for, as we have said, the title must be interpreted in the Quilterian sense, and in the Quilterian sense it has no bounds. Ammonia is a *what*, Pickles are a *what*, the Greek and Latin literatures are *whats*, and Mr. Hardy, Mr. Meredith, Omar Khayyam, and Robert Browning and London and Mexico and Oriental Music and Bachelorhood or Marriage? are *whats*. On the other hand the Quilterian scope has its puzzles. In a book so entitled we expect to find information on such obvious subjects as Vaccination, Hooliganism, Shakespeare, Röntgen Rays, and Submarines, none of which seem to be treated. If there is a subject on which the users of *What's What* are entitled to information it is surely on our friends the enemy—the Boers. But under Boers we are referred to "War in South Africa," and when we turn to the W section we find that promise unfulfilled. The most insistent fact of the time is crowded out, and we can only suppose (not without sympathy) that the inclusion of Writer's Cramp may be taken as a silent explanation of the omission. For, if anyone has a claim to suffer from writer's cramp it must be Mr. Quilter to-day. He has produced these 1,228 double-column pages since he began work at Mullion Cove, Cornwall, on Sunday, the 2nd of October, 1900, though the actual writing began five days later in Bryanston-square. For Mr. Quilter is nothing if not autobiographical, and lest we, or posterity, should imperfectly grasp the genesis of this amazing volume he provides us with a water-colour sketch of Mullion Cove, by his own hand, beneath which is the momentous inscription "Where I Started *What's What*." To-day only the surf whitens and roars round these rocks, only the kittiwakes . . . but we will restrain ourselves. The first edition of *What's What* has consumed six-and-twenty tons of paper, and contains, according to our reckoning, very nearly 900,000 words, of which Mr. Quilter himself pleads guilty to 350,000. All the matter and illustrations

are new with the exception of a drawing of the Palazzo Dandolo, "an early design by myself, which appeared in the long out-of-print *édition de luxe* of *Preferences*, 1892." These are the main historical facts about *What's What*. Goodness! No. We had nearly overlooked the statement that "the final batch of copy was sent to press on Thursday, October 10, at 6 p.m." And to think that we—we ourselves—were at that very hour sending to press the last batch of an issue of the ACADEMY. Was it a fine night, or a wet one? What was the price of soles? One short month ago, and all is a blank!

What's *What's What*? The burden of answering our own question is still upon us. On his title-page, and facing his signed portrait, Mr. Quilter prints these lines by Browning:

Mankind i' the main have little wants, not large:
 I, being of will and power to help, i' the main,
 Mankind, must help the least wants first.

Only continue patient while I throw,
 Delver-like, spadeful after spadeful up,
 Just as truths come, . . .
 What one spread fails to bring, another may.
 In goes the shovel and out comes scoop—as here!

As here. And so we are supplied with information and comment on Accident Insurance, the Privileges and Responsibilities of the Adult, the Actor as Gentleman, Agnostics, Agony, The "Sweet Reasonableness" of the American Civil Service, Aniline Dyes, Anthony Hope, the Apocrypha, the Aquarium at Westminster, and Article Writing. We are only brushing the skirts of these rolling veldts of information, and already we pant. Let us say at once that much real information and entertainment await the reader—or shall we say the skimmer?—of these pages. But he will be wise to take things as he finds them—information, opinion, facts, and fancies. The book is a vast medley, and not the least part of its charm is that in it, as in life, the unexpected is always happening. The facts are often incomplete, and the opinions are often such as you will scout; but sometimes the facts and opinions are both sound and interesting. Mr. Quilter can write of Dean Farrar: "It is nearly half a century since he wrote his first, and, probably, his best, book, *Eric; or, Little by Little*, a tragic story of boyhood," and omit all mention of his Lives of Christ and St. Paul, his *Eternal Hope*, or, indeed, a single one of his Scriptural and theological writings. The literary judgments of all kinds sprinkled through the volume are, no doubt, by different hands, and they vary considerably in merit. Mr. Quilter draws heavily on his experience as an editor and an art critic. Under the heading *Editor* he indulges in the following not very amusing statement of what he considers is the moral code of editors:

All articles are too long, and most should not be written.
 News, rather than opinion.

Avoid a series.

Suspect criticism, and leave it out if possible.

Don't let your contributors be personal; that's an Editorial privilege.

An Editor does not argue, he asserts.

All contributions should be cut occasionally—keeps the staff in order.

An Editor should be grumpy—that's business.

Editors are invisible—except by appointment, and sometimes then!

Editors have enemies, but no friends. The former are persons of the lowest character; the latter, if they existed, would be the angelic host.

No contribution is better than the paper deserves.

A contributor should always be thanked (even if he be dismissed), but never praised.

Everyone is to work all day and every day if required—he does it himself!

An Editor's judgment is infallible. His pen, however, sometimes "slips."

Never apologise—except to insult.
 Mistakes are inevitable, mis-statements excusable, compensation inconceivable.
 Full acquaintance with the law of libel is necessary.
 Never see Clergymen, Inventors, or Educators.
 Never take a favour.
 Be liberal with your best men, and mean with your worst.
 Bully your staff—but discreetly.
 Have at least one, if possible two “close” days in every week.
 Read the provincial papers.
 Always notice, but never mention a rival periodical.
 Praise actors, picture-dealers, dress-makers, politicians of your own party, sailors, sportsmen, popular novelists, and music-hall singers. “Take it out of” men of science, religion, literature, and art; these last only make good copy when they do wrong.
 Have a waste-paper basket like a bucket, a constitution like a horse, a revolving arm-chair, and a heart like the nether millstone.

Glancing through the C's—Clacton-on-Sea, Clairvoyance, Condy's Fluid, Consols, Contents of a Christmas Number—we find an article on the Contributor, in which “cutting” by editors is gently explained as a necessary evil: “The present writer speaks feelingly on this point from personal experience; Lords, Divines, Professors of History and Science, Story-tellers and Essayists of every sort, having at one time or another scolded, abused, and upbraided him for this Procrustean offence, this scandalous mutilation.”

Autobiographical allusion of this kind wells up everywhere. Not very long ago we attempted to give an account of the genesis and growth of the Omar Khayyam cult, but we confess that our summary took no notice of some facts set forth in Mr. Quilter's encyclopaedic apologia. Thus: “We yield to none in our admiration of FitzGerald's poem, for in reality it is FitzGerald's more than Omar's. And, indeed, many years before the founding of the Omar Khayyam Club we printed, quite unlawfully, the plain, unannotated text of the poem bound in brown cardboard, and printed on sugar-loaf paper, in big Old English type—all that there was of the most aesthetic. Possibly the club grew through this very edition. For we remember, with a certain amount of amusement, that several copies thereof were applied for by a gentleman, who shall be nameless, afterwards very prominent in the cult of Omar. Possibly it was in accordance with the principles of the old Persian Bohemian that no payment of base coin accompanied this transaction.”

Literary and artistic subjects have much space allotted to them, and we leave readers to accept or dispute the free criticisms passed on living novelists, merely remarking that Mr. Quilter is evidently out of sympathy with what may be called the novel of thought as distinct from the novel of story-telling. We are to believe that Mr. Meredith is “rather a cold-blooded person” who “has not any flesh-and-blood narrative that he wants to tell us, but in front of him a set of puppets into whom, one by one, he breathes the breath of showman life,” and that his novels will remain as marvellous specimens of epigrammatic observation in the England of the nineteenth century, but they have not, in our opinion, any chance of life for their drama or their narrative.”

We demur strongly, too, to the advice offered to Mr. Gissing, who is here told—as he is persistently and absurdly told elsewhere—to put more sunshine into his novels. If there is one novelist among us who has chosen his path, and kept it, it is Mr. Gissing, and his choice of “depressing” themes is not, as some critics imagine, a freak or a habit from which he can be weaned without injury to his executive ability. Mr. Gissing draws life where and as he has seen it, and will draw it in no other way; while hundreds of novelists are ready to visit casually any field, or produce any emotional climate which the critic or the market may demand.

With all its vagaries and vanities, *What's What* contains

hundreds of good articles. It is evident, however, that two circumstances have controlled inclusions and exclusions in *What's What* more than they ought to have done: first, Mr. Quilter's personal interests, which, nevertheless, give the egotistic spice to the pudding; and, secondly, miscalculation of the number of subjects to be allotted to each letter. The half-way point in the book brings us only to the middle of F. The foreseen result occurs. Whereas 160 pages are given to B, only 5 are spared for W, and whereas C obtains 16½ pages, T is fobbed off with 14. These differences cannot be accounted for in any other way. For reasons which it is perhaps not difficult to guess, Mr. Quilter has rushed his work through at top speed, and it is clear that the five days of preparation at Mullion Cove had better have been extended to fifty. As it is, Mr. Quilter has produced a Preference, not a Reference, Book.

Things Seen.

The Bookseller.

THE windows of the bookshop, stacked high with attractive volumes, arrested me. Slowly I moved past them till I reached the open door. It was an invitation to enter. I strolled round the counters, dipping into a volume here and there, quite enjoying myself, and reflecting how many books there are in the world one does not want to read. Presently a voice at my elbow asked if there was anything I required, and, as the salesman spoke, the scene between Spinoza and the Amsterdam bookseller, narrated by Mr. Zangwill, which I had lately been reading, came into my mind. You remember! Spinoza's favourite book-shop was in the Spuistraat, where among “the old folios and the new Latin publications and the beautiful productions of the Elzevirs of Amsterdam” he found safety and delectation:

“A good book thou hast there,” said the bookseller.
 “By Museus, the Jena Professor. The *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus ad Veritatem Lanceum Examinatus*—weighed in Truth's balance, indeed. A title that draws. They say 'tis the best of all the refutations of the pernicious and poisonous Tractate.”

“Of which I see sundry copies here, masked in false titles.”

“Sh! Forbidden fruit is always in demand. But so long as I supply the antidote too—”

“Needs fruit an antidote?”

Well, I am not Spinoza, and this assistant at my elbow was not the learned Amsterdam bookseller. But, as he desired to know what “I required,” I considered, and said: “Have you Renan's *St. Paul?*” “We don't stock it, sir,” he answered. I suggested that he might be able to procure it for me. “Certainly.” With that he produced a pencil and a piece of paper, and began to write. I suggested that Renan was not spelt with a V. He made the alteration, and then, doubtless, feeling that his reputation for universal knowledge had not come untarnished from the ordeal, he said with a pleasant confidence: “Paul! let me see; he was a great traveller, was he not, sir?” “He travelled a great deal,” I answered courteously, “but he is better known as the apostle.”

The Schoolmistress.

THAT part of the Irish coast has always attracted me. And though to-day the clinging mist hid everything twenty yards away, I lounged on the rail of the lighthouse and smoked a pipe with great satisfaction. Below me a tiny coaster swung lazily at her moorings, the skipper, in a pair of carpet slippers, reading his newspaper by the galley; while to seaward I could hear the boom of fog-signals on the Copelands and an infernal din of bells, sirens, and tin

pots as benighted vessels edged their way in fear and trembling along that rock-sown coast.

As I smoked and watched, a darker patch gradually disengaged itself from the grey in front, and I made out the sails of a lugger running for the harbour. Wind and tide were both against her, and as she beat up for the entrance, one caught only a glimpse of her masthead above the leaping waves. Already a little knot of fishermen were gathered at the landing-place to watch her approach. "She'll be from the Island," said one, staring under his hand, and then, as she came nearer: "Aye, it's Kelly's boat; I know her by the patched lug."

We could see her plainly now as she ran into smooth water under the wall; her bows were littered with sacks of potatoes; a man in a white beard stood by the mast, with a boat-hook in his hand. "Faith," said a voice behind me, "if that isn't the new schoolmistress aboard! She's fair mad for the sea, they say"; and as the sail dropped I caught a glimpse of scarlet amongst the shining oilskins of the crowd in the stern. The next minute the boat bumped against the steps, and the schoolmistress sprang lightly ashore.

Through the fog the hooting of sirens sounded louder than ever.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE re-publication of the late J. J. Weiss's *Lectures on Molière*, given at the Athénée in 1866, forms an interesting volume. Weiss was an important figure among the brilliant journalists of his day. Are we all getting dreadfully old, or is the world going to the dogs, or what has happened that journalism and literature seem so much more brilliant fifty years ago than to-day? In France I find the same striking dearth of genius as in England. It has been said that the severe censure of the Press under the Second Empire produced such finished journalists as Weiss, Prévost Paradol, Scherer, &c., when it was necessary to acquire the art of suggesting much and saying little. Certainly when you turn back to the old dramatic *feuilleton* of Weiss, and compare it with the dramatic *feuilleton* of Sarcy or M. Faquet—dullest of mediocre writers—or even with the polished and popular M. Larroumet, we have to admit that they did some things fifty years ago better than to-day. Weiss's style in these lectures is fluent and limpid, a notable sample of clear, elegant, and excellent French prose. Elsewhere he is often full of charming humour. But let me here insert an amusing personal anecdote of the illustrious journalist in which humour was lamentably absent. About twelve years ago, when I came to settle in Paris, I had a letter of introduction to M. Weiss. He was then old, half paralysed, and librarian in the Palace of Fontainebleau. Here he had delightful rooms overlooking the famous Cour d'Adien, and he invited me to lunch. I spent a pleasant morning and day with him about the grounds and galleries of Fontainebleau talking of vanished literary features of Paris, I questioning him about the different great men he had known. Towards evening, as we leisurely strolled to the station, the talk turned on Daudet. I praised the writer with my guide's approbation. But when it came to the writer's physique, and I referred to his picturesque and beautiful head of Provençal poet, Weiss grew sombre, morose, and fidgetty. He did not like it, clearly. At last his endurance gave way, and to my stupefaction he faced me in a kind of dry protestation: "But do you know I, too, when I was young, was most beautiful. I also had a poet's head, but a Flemish poet's. I had golden locks and clear fresh cheeks, beautiful beaming blue eyes, and a blond, vaporous moustache." I stared, for an uglier

old man I had never seen. However, my obvious duty to my host was to be perfidious and polite, so I said gravely: "It is very evident." He believed me, adjusted his coat-collar with what fatuity a stiff and trembling arm permitted, and exclaimed: "Oh, I am old now, but I was once the handsome J. J. Weiss." Shortly afterwards I had occasion to speak to one who knew him intimately in youth, and was told that Weiss was always incomparably ugly, dirty, and untidy. So strangely may a man of intellect cherish illusions about himself.

Le Mirage, by Mme. Jean Bertheroy, is not a particularly brilliant study of modern Parisian life for the author of what was really a remarkably brilliant evocation of Pompeian life in the *Danseuse de Pompeii*, that appeared in the *Revue de Paris* some years ago—a capricious and delightful *tour de force* which raised expectations Mme. Bertheroy has not since fulfilled. I wonder why it is that when modern French writers wish to portray (or, perhaps, unconsciously portray) a perfect *cad*, they invariably choose a nobleman. There is nothing to prevent a *roué* from being a gentleman, but these titled gallants of modern French fiction are very dreadful indeed. When the enriched burgess in *Le Mirage* entertains the nobility, we know perfectly well that the sparkling young viscount will conduct himself on the second page so as to deserve a kick-ing. The engineer, whom the heroine eventually marries and by whom she is afterwards nobly rescued from the evil designs of the titled *cad*, is a model of all the virtues. The characterisation is not distinguished, and I hardly know whether to be more amazed at the quickness and coarse quality of the heroine's temptation, or the rapidity of her triumph. It is doubtful if a woman, happily married, could fall so readily because a viscount, in the *beau sabreur* fashion, brutally embraces her, and, having done so, could find moral buoyancy enough to rise so quickly above error.

Much more interesting and fresh is George Beaume's study of Provençal provincials lost in Paris. *Les Robinsons de Paris* is a mordant satire on provincial ambition. Small proprietors who count themselves big people in Provence suffer endless humiliations in their efforts to pass as some-bodies in Paris. They lead with lugubrious unsuccess a little Provençal colony in Paris, and of course we have the troubadour, the idler, the guitar-twanger with conquering moustache, the eternal exploiter of and sponger on woman. A Frenchman in a modern comedy, complaining bitterly of the effusiveness of his wife, cries: "Good heavens, one would think I was a tzigan." And Abel, the violinist, being something of a tzigan, is loved to distraction by the little wood engraver and designer, Estelle, a pathetic figure with much Southern charm and grace. Her unhappy marriage, with the bitter deceptions of undying animal love which tragically survives esteem and affection, constitutes the tragedy of the colony. But the whole group is wonderfully well cast and characterised. What a pack of humbugs and failures; and all the men, except Hugues, the young and ardent lover of a brave and radiant little Provençale, happily named Claire, unmitigated brutes. Verily, it is not a study to send a woman to Provence in search of a husband, and it is not often in a French book that one finds so many husbands roughly informing their wives that they are their masters. It is surprising how much colour and variety in sin and suffering the author has gathered into one little corner of Paris: pride overthrown, free love happily mated and virtuous, married wretchedness, adultery—all depicted with art and restraint and not a hint of coarseness—the charlatan senator, the deceptive hope of the colony of his compatriots, the bogus society of the *Pomme d'Amour*, lying, avarice, rascality of every kind, and the central note of it the animal, instinctive clinging of man to unworthy woman and woman to unworthy man.

H. L.

Kate Greenaway.

THE little paragraph in the papers a week ago stating simply that Kate Greenaway was dead must have come as a shock to thousands of people. One had never thought of death in connection with this delicate and joyous artist. Her name had called up for so long only pleasant, sunny associations : memories of green meadows with grave little girls and boys a-maying ; quiet, restful rooms with tiny fire-places, daffodils in blue vases on the high mantelpieces, and grave little girls and boys a-playing ; and trim village streets, where everything was well-kept and well-swept, and all the roofs were red and all the garden gates and fences green, and more grave little girls carried dolls, and more grave little boys rolled hoops, and very young mothers with high waists gossiped together over their grave little babies' infinitesimal heads. Some such scenes as these have for twenty years been rising before one whenever Kate Greenaway's name was heard, bringing with them a gentle breath of ancient repose and simplicity and a faint scent of pot-pourri. And now the hand that devised this innocent communism of quaintness and felicity, this juvenile Arcadia, is still for ever !

For some years Miss Greenaway has not been the power that once she was. Her greatest triumphs were in the early eighties, when she illustrated Jane and Ann Taylor's *Original Poems*, and wrote and illustrated verses of her own writing, and put forth every Christmas a little almanack, with scenes fitting to every month, and delicate and dainty borders of the old-world flowers she loved best. It might almost be said that she invented the daffodil. That was the time when flowers were being newly discovered, and while the aesthetes were worshipping the sunflower and the lily Miss Greenaway was bidding the cheeriest little daisies spring from the grass and the chubbliest little roses burst from the bushes, and teaching thousands of uninitiated eyes how beautiful the daffodil is. Wordsworth had done so before, it is true ; but between Wordsworth and Kate Greenaway how wide a gulf of stuffy taste was fixed—the forties, the fifties, the sixties, and the seventies ! Kate Greenaway came like a fresh southern breeze after a fog. The aesthetes were useful, but they were artificial ; they never attained to her open-air radiances. In the words of a critic whom I was reading somewhere the other evening, Kate Greenaway newly dressed the children of England ; and the effects of her influence will probably never be lost. And to a great extent she re-furnished England too. There is not an intelligent upholsterer or furniture dealer in the country at this moment whose warehouses do not bear witness to Miss Greenaway's unobtrusive, yet effectual, teaching. She was the arch-priestess of Happy Simplicity.

As an illustrator of dramatic stories, such as the domestic tragedies set forth of the Sisters Taylor, or Mr. Bret Harte's *Queen of Pirate Isle*, or *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, Miss Greenaway was not quite successful. Her genius bent rather to repose than action ; or, at least, to any action more complex than skipping or dancing, picking flowers, crying, or taking tea. (No one in the whole history of art has drawn more attractive tea-tables.) Drama was beyond her capacity, and her want of sympathy with anything unhappy or forceful also unfitted her. Her pictures prove her the soul of gentleness. Had she set out to draw a tiger it would have purred like the friendliest tabby ; nothing could induce her pencil to abandon its natural bent for soft contours and grave kindnesses. Hence her crones were merely good-natured young women doing their best—and doing it very badly—to look old ; her witches were benevolent grandmothers. To illustrate was not her *métier*. But to create—that she did to perfection. She literally made a new world where sorrow never entered—nothing but the momentary sadness of a little child—where the sun always shone, where ugliness had no place, and life was always young. No poet has done

more than this. It seems to me that among the sweet influences of the nineteenth century Kate Greenaway stands very high. The debt we owe to her is beyond payment ; but I hope that some memorial will be considered. Randolph Caldecott has a memorial in the crypt of St. Paul's ; Lewis Carroll in the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital ; Kate Greenaway must have one too.

E. V. LUCAS.

Memory: an Art or an Instinct?

SINCE the middle of last century, when civilisation began to become complex and the burden of things to remember rather too heavy to bear, well-meaning thinkers have been devising systems of mnemonics. They have been endeavouring, that is to say, to give memory artificial aids. A few of these systems we studied at the times of their publication, and had forgotten them ; but, behold ! here are they all again, blent, with additions, into a synthesis by Mr. Eustace H. Miles. It would be impossible to overpraise the ingenuity and the industry with which Mr. Miles has compiled his work, *How to Remember* (Warne) ; but that is the most we can say in its favour. Let us give a sample of what we are invited to "cram" from nearly every one of his 265 pages :

XVIII. Now look at the list again (below), and let us suppose that you want to remember those five Headings about "the Romans themselves"—viz., the Senate, Unity, Character, Organisation, Father's power in the Family. How is this to be done ?

The *Loisette or Link-System* will be applied first of all. We want to link these together into a single firm chain. I will give one way here, leaving the explanations for Section XXIII.

Senate—sanity—Unity :
Unity—one man—many parts—actor^{*}—*Character :*
Character—to carry—a barrel-organ—Organisation :
Organisation — far-reaching organisation — Father's power :
Father's power.

Read this through slowly and on the principles laid down in Section XV., realising each main Heading as you come to it. Then take it backwards. Then try it by yourself, and strengthen the weak Links (e.g., a barrel-organ and to carry) by practice.

We imagine that anyone who could assimilate and remember a book written in this strain can have no need for aids to memory. Already he must be gifted with a power of recalling all the details of his past equal to that with which the elephant is supposed to be endowed.

We have not, however, set out to criticise Mr. Miles's book. That were a task quite beyond us. What we rather seek to do is to look into an entertaining question which the book suggests. Constantly we hear of some person that he has a bad memory, and often we hear of some other that his memory is wonderful. Usually this is a superficial view. If we enquire into any particular case, we shall almost certainly find that the person to whom one attributes a bad memory is a person whose interests are not one's own. For example, if one is concerned about the literature and the history of political economy, one would not reap much benefit from a conversation on the subject with a Scotch farmer, although, in all probability, the farmer had the doctrines of Adam Smith driven into him at school and college. Contrariwise, oneself would be at a disadvantage in relation to the farmer if the conversation turned upon the exact dates of the hard winters during the last forty years. In short, all persons, excepting such as have softening of the brain or other malady of the mind, remember about the subjects in which they are interested, and forget about the subjects in which they are not ; and the person with the

* Cp. Shakespeare, "And one man in his time plays many parts."

"wonderful memory" is simply the person, like Mr. Gladstone, whose interests are many.

Still, that does not by any means probe to the bottom of the subject with which Mr. Miles deals so earnestly. What is memory? Is it a reawakened vibration in the mind-stuff which was originally caused by the impact of an experience? It is; but how is the vibration recalled? There is one category of answers from which many interesting cases could be given. We will indicate a few of the simplest kind. If one has travelled in the East, scenes of the Orient will be instantly recalled when one saunters through the tropical garden in a London park. If one sails through Loch Lomond, and notices the mist on the mountains and the ripple on the water, all the incidents of some grand day's sport on some other Scotch lake, incidents apparently lost, will flash vividly across the mind. Some peculiar perfume in a ball-room, however unconcerned one may enter, will instantly fan into flame the unregarded embers of a romance seemingly long dead and buried. There are instances of what may be called memory by association. What are we to make of memories of the other kind? How are we to account for the fact that there is many a person who, having heard a complicated piece of music for the first time, can go home and reproduce it all, quite accurately, on a piano-forte? This seems direct memory, as distinct from memory by association of perceptions; but it is not really so. What seems a miracle is the outcome of the player's intimate knowledge of the laws of music. The first few bars give him the theme; and the theme works itself out just as a theorem in geometry would work itself out in the brain of a man skilled in the methods of Euclid. A similar explanation applies to "literary memory." The man who can repeat a new poem after reading or hearing it once is able to do so because, having a keen critical interest in poetry, he knows the inevitable words and the inevitable sequence of the thoughts and phrases. We ourselves are acquainted with a journalist who, having gone to hear a speech by Mr. Chamberlain in order to write a leading article, to his great astonishment found, on sitting down at his desk, that he did not require the reporter's flimsy from which to verify his quotations. He had the speech by rote from beginning to end. It was the first time the journalist had listened to Mr. Chamberlain, in whose ideas and phrasology he was intensely interested. Lest this should seem incredible, we remind the reader that Mr. Perry reported the debates in Parliament before shorthand was devised.

Shorthand? That is another artificial aid to accuracy of repetition upon which one can look with only a modified approval. We do not deny that it is useful. It enables men of modest intellect to do necessary work which otherwise would fall upon men of great intellect. It makes for economy in what may be called the mental capacity of a nation, and therefore for progress. Still, we cannot but suspect that shorthand must arrest the cerebral development of those who use it. It must leave the memory unexercised, and therefore frail. We fear that Mr. Miles's well-meant work, written "lest we forget," must fall under the ban of the same reasoning. Saith Francis Bacon: "It is a ridiculous thing, and fit for a satire to persons of judgment, to see what shifts these formalists have, and what prospectives to make superficies to seem body that hath depth and bulk." Memory is an instinct, a faculty, not an art; and, instead of being strengthened, it will be seriously demoralised by any attempt to assist it by artificial means.

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Correspondence.

The French Nuns.

SIR,—One of your reviewers in last week's ACADEMY states, in connection with a novelist's incorrect use of the word "réligieuse," that the nuns have been turned out of France. This is a gross misstatement of facts. The nuns have *not* been turned out of France. If here and there some orders of women choose to play the martyr for the gallery, the French Government has nothing to do with it. On the contrary, from the very beginning the Law of Associations pronounced the immunity of all the women's orders. In this I regard the Republic to have acted with a chivalrous denseness, for the French convents bring up their pupils as actively hostile to the Republic as the Jesuits, if not, indeed, more so. These girls are the future French mothers, with far more influence over their sons than the Jesuit-bred fathers. The Government would have been wise in its own interests to have attacked a no less inveterate and disloyal enemy than the Jesuits in the orders of the Sacred Heart and the Assumptionists.—I am, &c.,

HANNAH LYNCH.

[I acknowledge that my expression is not literally accurate. I gather that Miss Lynch wishes it were. The official list showed, about a month ago, that some 120 communities of women had fled the country—playing to the gallery, Miss Lynch explains; but surely these ladies know best how far the conditions of authorisation are consistent with their various Rules. What ground Miss Lynch has for asserting that the Law "pronounces the immunity of all women's orders" I cannot imagine. I have read the thing through from end to end, and venture to suggest that she had better do the same.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

••• Owing to pressure on our space several letters are held over.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 112 (New Series).

THE Competition which it is our task to judge this week originated in our "Bulbs" poetic competition, in which the Rev. R. F. McCausland won the prize for the following lines:

- 1 'Neath the green coverlet of the churchyard plot,
- 2 Resting betimes, you share the common lot;
- 3 Here in the earth enshrouded
- 4 Under clear skies and clouded
- 5 Your life in death you keep,
- 6 All through the drear November,
- 7 The drearier December,
- 8 Nor lengthening days remember,
- 9 Till March winds stir your sleep.
- 10 April's warm tears the frore sods uncongeal,
- 11 You rise responsive to her soft appeal.
- 12 Such golden daffodillies,
- 13 Such silver wealth of lilies
- 14 Recall Persephone's bliss:
- 15 Flower-laden I behold her
- 16 Ere Pluto's arms enfold her
- 17 Behind the porphyry boulder
- 18 That guards the hall of Dis,
- 19 Sooner or later, He who all things made
- 20 Draws from each grimy scabbard its bright blade.

We offered a prize of One Guinea for the best criticism of these lines.¹ Before proceeding farther, we have to state that the phrase, "frore sods uncongeal" in the tenth line was a misreading of the writer's MS. Mr. McCausland wrote "frore sods uncongeal." This is material to many of the criticisms received, and enables us to prove as well as assert that these criticisms, as a whole, show great discrimination. Critic after critic points out the cacophony of "frore sods"; but, of course, "frore sods," as we now print it, is another matter. We consider that, on the whole, the prize is due to Miss

Edith Rickert, 3, Great James-street, Bedford Row, W.C., for the following:—

A poem written to order is not a thing divinely born, therefore must be judged only as a piece of workmanship. The most serious defect of this poem is that, instead of being a single complete thought—like, for example, Tennyson's "Flower in the Crannied Wall"—it consists of three distinct ideas—the parallel between the quiescence of the bulbs and human death, which is followed by the classical (hence conventional) description of spring, in turn followed by the concluding couplet, which, though its form suggests a moral or summary, has no obvious connection with the preceding lines, but presents a third idea.

The metre, though elaborate, scarcely sings itself. The triple-rhymed lines contain good tone-colour (marred in the second instance by imperfect rhymes); but the probably intentional harshness of the "frore sods" line does not suggest a thaw.

The conventional phrases, "April's warm tears," "soft appeal," "golden daffodillies," "silver . . . lilies," detract from the freshness of the poem; but the concluding metaphor, though out of keeping with the earlier imagery, shows some power of poetic vision, and, indeed, the whole line, by its arrangement of accents, shows skill in employing metrical irregularity for a desired effect.

[D. R., London.]

From other papers received we extract the following remarks:

The idea of the bulb "resting betimes" is true in fact as well as in poetry; but the related words, "life in death," hardly preserve the idea of rest and "sleep."

[A. E. W., Greenock.]

The lines "are pure patchwork—the first couplet an example of the Popeian Alexandrine, as practised by the generations who followed the master, and poor at that. The next seven, and especially the last four, are resurrected Keats with a dash of Christina Rossetti, and then we have again the post-Popeian—of a higher quality than before, however; and so the process repeats itself."

[P. H. W., London.]

But worse follows [line 11], artificiality dominates the remainder. Pretty enough the opening couplet, though marred by the harsh recurring *sueh*—the simpler *the* were preferable. But the subsequent lapse into classical allusion strikes the note of pedantry, and all sincerity departs: while the intruding personal pronoun is a solecism—a shock which the substitution of *lo*, or *there*, had mercifully spared. Finally, the important canon of art which enforces cumulative effect is contravened: the end, in this instance, crowns not the work! Let there be grateful recognition of a new rhyme to *bliss*—when expectation stood trembling at the impending *kiss*!

[A. J. E.]

. . . a haunting rhythm in the line, "You rise responsive to her soft appeal," which merits notice. The allusion to Persephone is apt, but seemingly renders incongruous the last couplet.

[E. H. H., Sutton.]

Do bulbs "remember" and "rise"?

[Rev. A. J. M., Glasgow.]

The description of the weather is pretty padding. The allusion to Plutus and Persephone—conventional enough, in all conscience—is quite out of harmony with the last two lines. They are not on the same plane of thought. You have a religious—almost a Christian—idea placed side by side with a piece of Pagan mythology. To put it shortly, the verses are overweighted with too many thoughts, each good enough in its way. Mr. McCausland has shown that the subject is capable of poetic treatment, but he has just failed to give it.

[W. A. C. C., London.]

Dr. Watts and his dogs, and Macaulay with his "thunder-riven oak," are precedents for libels on long-suffering Nature. Still—bulbs *rest* in the hot *summer* months. Whilst the poet imagines them, in death-like slumber, "forget to remember the fifth of November or foggy December," they are hard at work below ground throwing out fibrous roots, which eventually support the blades drawn from "grimy" scabbards. My, yes, it is a remarkable fact that those scabbards peeping through the heaviest, wettest clay are perfectly clean.

[E. H., London.]

We wish to add that no competitor has disputed the propriety of the award to Mr. McCausland, and if—as is proper—we have quoted the more critical remarks of his rivals, we have suppressed—as is necessary—many warm praises given to his lines.

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